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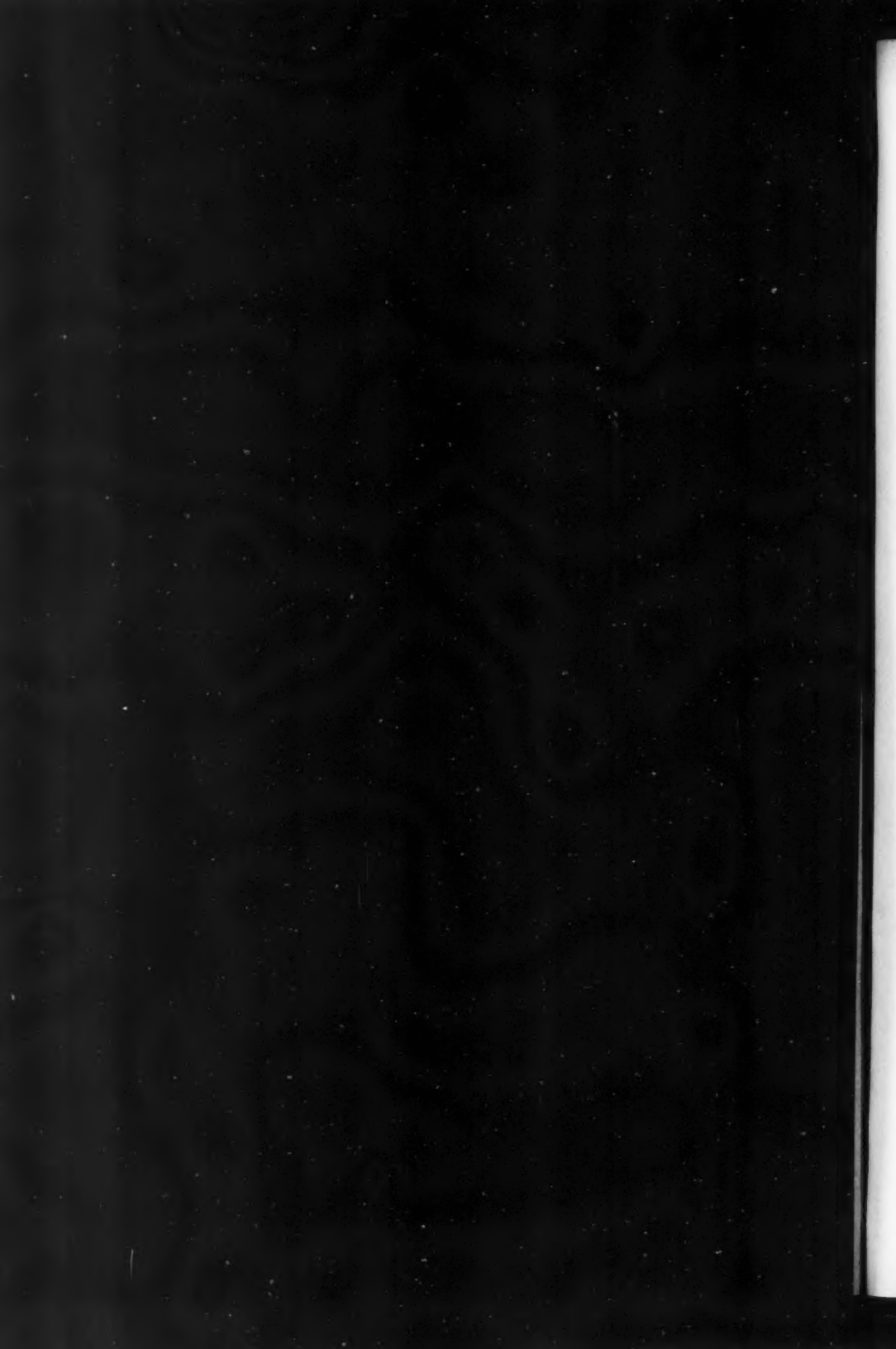
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POETRY.

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RECONCILED.

WE parted where the shadows crept
 Along the valley, damp and chill,
 And low the wailing breezes swept
 Around the solitary hill ;
 And Love was beaten back by Pride
 With angry word and bitter speech,
 Till, pausing where the paths divide,
 We turned in silence, each from each.

Have we been happy ? Was the thing
 We strove for really worth the strife ?
 What gifts could Scorn and Anger bring
 Save broken vows and severed life ?
 Oh, sweet blue eyes with trouble dim !
 Oh, tender glance, half frank, half shy !
 Love's cup runs over at the brim,
 And shall we lightly put it by ?

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more,
 In perfect trust of heart and mind ;
 Turn to the happier days before,
 Leave we the darker hours behind.
 From Life's dark past new hopes are born,
 The jarring discords slowly cease ;
 And through an ever-brightening morn
 Sweet Love walks hand in hand with
 Peace.

Chambers' Journal.

R. S. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIANO.

CHIFFONIER, your memory's falling —
 You are older than I am.
 In the days long past bewailing,
 You held gingerbread and jam,
 Almonds, oranges, and spices,
 All as good as they could be ;
 Tiny plates with quaint devices
 For the children's Sunday tea.

Chiffonier, of all your treasures,
 You retain no mouldy crumb,
 And I've lost my sweet old measures,
 And my keys are chiefly dumb ;
 Yet, when many memories mingle,
 Sometimes, in the dead of night,
 With a faint, unearthly jingle,
 I awaken in affright.

Voices lost to mortal hearing
 Murmur softly in the gloom.
 There are children's faces peering
 From the shadows of the room ;
 And I feel my faded curtain
 Softly lifted. Who are *these* ?
 No chord sounds, yet I am certain
 There are fingers on my keys —

They for whom a tall wax candle
 In each polished sconce was set —
 Singing Purcell, Bach, and Handel,
 Many a stately, staid duet.
 They were tenor and soprano ;
 Pleasantly their voices rang —
 No one but the old piano
 Can remember what they sang !

Winter seems an earlier comer,
 Yet some days of warmth we win ;
 Through the window, in the summer,
 Looks the white Cape jessamine.
 Has the old plant ever spoken
 Of the sprays that once were laid
 On my shining cover oaken —
 And she found them when she played ?

On the lawn I still look over —
 Where a footstep seldom falls —
 There were joyous cries of " Rover !"
 There were clashing croquet-balls.
 Dull and deaf the chiffonier is,
 And he sleeps the whole day long ;
 But the old piano wearies
 For the laughter and the song.

I am battered, I am dusty,
 And my silk is dark with mould ;
 No one rubs my sconces rusty,
 Tarnished now that shone like gold !
 The last breath of life is dwindling
 From my numb and voiceless keys.
 They may break me up for kindling
 Just as quickly as they please.
 Longman's Magazine. MAY KENDALL.

"FORGIVE."

WAIT not the morrow, but forgive me
 now ;

Who knows what fate to-morrow's dawn
 may bring ?
 Let us not part with shadow on thy brow,
 With my heart hungering.

Wait not the morrow, but entwine thy
 hand
 In mine, with sweet forgiveness full and
 free.

Of all life's joys I only understand
 This joy of loving thee.

Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong,
 Repair the fault—I know not when or
 how.

O, dearest, do not wait—it may be long—
 Only forgive me now.

Academy.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE PASSING OF THE MONK.¹

A GREAT wrong has been done, knowingly or unknowingly, to the memory of a multitude of men who, with rare exceptions, according to their lights, seem on the whole to have done their duty well and faithfully. The monastic orders, who in the latter years of King Henry VIII.'s reign were suppressed and whose goods were confiscated, suffered the loss of all that in their lives made life beautiful; a few of their leading men were put to death as traitors and felons; the great majority, simply ejected from their ancient houses, wandered forth landless, homeless, hopeless, well-nigh penniless. And this was not all; their very memory was stained with obloquy, and successive generations of Englishmen have been taught to regard them as so vile that their doom was richly deserved.

Several centuries have passed since the monk was forcibly ejected from his home, and until recent years he has found no defender chivalrous enough to speak a word in his defence. His guilt has been assumed as proved; and the story of his supposed wrong-doing, and of the punishment which followed his sin, took its place among the *credenda* taught to every English boy and girl.

It is something more than a feeling for a romantic past which has revived an interest in the ancient religious houses which once played so great a part in the story of England. Several causes may be said to have contributed to this newly awakened curiosity, if we give it no nobler term, to learn some-

thing more about a vanished order, on whose memory rests a sombre cloud of ignominy. Among these causes may be cited the fast-growing popularity of our great cathedrals as centres of religious life and human activity. It is well known that some of these cathedrals were the abbey churches of once famous monasteries. Could these monasteries, of which the well-loved cathedral was the living centre, have been the home of men sunk in sloth and steeped in nameless vice? Another cause is the awakening of religious art, which finds in the ancient abbeys the noblest examples of religious architecture, the truest form of religious symbolism. To take one conspicuous instance, the craft of stained-glass painters, which in late years has made such notable advance, seeks and finds in the splendid remains of the scarred though still glowing windows of the cathedrals and abbeys, the best school from which to study, the fairest ideals at which to aim. Last but not least, recent study has stirred up among Englishmen a suspicion that injustice has been done to men who in their day played a noble part in English history.

It is indisputable that the reign of Henry VII., and the last half of the fifteenth century, found the monasteries of England sensibly weakened. The numbers of "religious" were diminished by at least a third; in many houses scarcely half their proper number were maintained. This great numerical weakness was due in large measure to the desolating sicknesses of the preceding century. The Black Death of 1349-1361 had carried off, roughly speaking, nearly half the "religious" in the country. No monastery could be said to have recovered from the calamity; and when the spoiler's hand was stretched forth to plunder, no "house," large or small, was found with its proper complement of professed monks. This sudden removal, too, of so many of the best and most devoted, must, as it has been well pleaded, "have broken the continuity of the best traditions of ecclesiastical usage and teaching."

¹ 1. Obedientary Rolls of S. Swithun's, Winchester. By the Very Rev. Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Durham. London, 1892.

2. Winchester Cathedral Records: A Consuetudinary of the Fourteenth Century. By Dr. Kitchin. London, 1886.

3. Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries. By Francis Aidan Gasquet. Two vols. London, 1890.

4. The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and his Companions. By Francis Aidan Gasquet. London, 1895.

5. An Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, Bath. By the Rev. W. Hunt, M.A. London, 1893.

But a yet deeper source of weakness in the doomed orders must be sought and found in the totally changed conditions of human life brought about largely by the invention of printing. The monk no longer possessed the monopoly of knowledge; the printing-press took away from the cloister much of its occupation. The education of the world ceased to be in the hands of the monk. Bishop Stubbs speaks of the "incurable uselessness of the monastic orders in the time of Wolsey;" and though this expression may be exaggerated, no fair-minded Englishman can deny that considerable truth underlies the sweeping assertion. A reformation, a complete recasting of the monastic system, a revision of the monk's work and office, was needed; and this necessity the clear-sighted ministers of Henry VII. and his son (Morton and Wolsey) saw, though they were unable, for various reasons, in their day of power to carry out the change.

There is no question but that in England, in the great upheaval which followed the Wars of the Roses, the monasteries with their vast wealth were viewed in many quarters with dislike and envy. A feeling that they were not doing the work which was naturally expected from men who possessed such great means was general, and it was shared by many thoughtful and earnest souls,—men who by no means can be classed with the needy and the greedy,—who had risen to power in the new state of things which succeeded the suicide of feudalism. Grave accusations—largely false, but still indicative of the direction of public opinion—were listened to by serious statesmen of the character of Cardinal Morton, Henry VII.'s illustrious minister.

One of the most formidable accusations ever levelled against the religious houses before the Reformation, is contained in the well-known letter of Cardinal Morton to the abbot of the great monastery of St. Albans, written in the year 1489. This letter preceded a formal visitation of the abbey under a

commission issued by Pope Innocent VIII. Froude makes much of it in two of his more famous works,—in his "Short Studies on Great Subjects," and in his "History of England." "No picture," he says, "left us by Henry VIII.'s visitors, surpasses, even if it equals, this description of a great monastery. It contains open charges of the most flagrant immorality and disgraceful excesses, together with grave references to simony, waste, carelessness, gross neglect of duties, and other shameful disorders." After quoting this tremendous indictment at great length, Froude proceeds to give us, in the following words, the result of Morton's investigation: "We need not," writes our historian, "describe further this overwhelming document; it pursues its way through mire and filth to its most lame and impotent conclusion. After all this, the abbot was not deposed; he was invited merely to reconsider his doings, and, if possible, amend them." Nor was St. Albans the only abbey so accused before Morton; other important houses were similarly attacked, and in each case "a simple reprimand was considered to be an adequate punishment."

Now, supposing that Morton had been satisfied that even one-tenth of the tremendous charges had been proved, is it credible that such a man as the all-powerful minister of such a king as Henry VII.—an almost absolute monarch, dogged in his determination to do his duty to his country—would have passed them by, and suffered such a state of things to exist in important religious centres like St. Albans? It must be remembered that Morton was no ordinary man. A distinguished lawyer, an able financier, of stainless character, he was the minister of the great and, on the whole, beneficent reign of Henry VII., retaining the great seal as long as he lived. The conclusion, then, seems irresistible. The cardinal archbishop and his master, Henry VII., while evidently considering the necessity of changes in the life-work of the accused orders as imminent, still looked upon the graver

accusations preferred against the Abbey of St. Albans and other important monasteries as absolutely unproved. Thus one of the most serious of the pre-Reformation charges levelled against the moral character of the religious houses, and one upon which the accusers of the monks lay the greatest stress, fails under examination.

Time went on; Morton and his royal master were gathered to their fathers, and Wolsey and Henry VIII. reigned in their room. The urgent necessity for a great monastic reform grew yearly more pressing. Wolsey's plan for a partial reform or recasting was connected with the establishment of colleges and places of education. His fall interrupted his projects; but, as Bishop Stubbs reminds us, the progress the great minister had made in his partly developed scheme opened King Henry VIII.'s eyes to a new possibility.

It is difficult to credit Henry VIII. with any lofty motives in the matter of the suppression of the monasteries. As a statesman of no ordinary capacity, trained by his great minister, Wolsey, he could not help seeing that much of the monks' work was done; and he, probably in the first instance, satisfied his conscience by purposing to employ the larger portion of the revenues he proposed to confiscate, for urgent State purposes, such as national defence; for more practical religious objects, such as founding new bishoprics; for education, such as the establishment of colleges and schools. These things Wolsey dreamed of in his day of power. But the pitiful allotment for those objects that the king eventually made of the vast property which fell into his hands from the plundered houses, compels us to see in the whole business only a miserable example of greed. Even the poor excuses for the great robbery made in the days of the earlier confiscations, when he charged the dispossessed monks with nameless crimes and shameless profligacy, were all silently dropped as time went on, and the confiscation of all the greater houses and their vast revenues was

carried out by the imperious sovereign with scarcely an effort to throw the flimsiest veil of pretended justice over his act.

But the accusations made in the first instance against the lesser monasteries, and upon which the act of Parliament legalizing the suppression of the smaller religious houses was based, have never been forgotten; they have even been grossly exaggerated as time went on, and have served to blacken permanently the characters of all the "religious" who suffered such grievous wrongs at the hands of Henry VIII. The wickedness of the monk and nun of the Middle Ages became one of the articles of common belief among the English-speaking peoples.

It was time that this error should be corrected, and that, even while we recognize some of the good which in the long run has resulted from the destructive deed, we should do tardy justice to the dispossessed monastic orders. It was only fair—now that the real story is better known—that we should teach our children to look on the large majority of these hapless men and women as victims deserving our pity and respect, rather than as guilty culprits who met with a righteous doom.

The edifice of all the subsequent defamation of the character of the "religious" of the English monasteries is really built upon the evidence of three sets of documents. The first is the so-called "Black Book;" this has completely disappeared. The second, which we still possess in manuscript, consists of reports—*comperia* as they are called—made by the official commissioners of Cromwell on one hundred and twenty houses, mostly situate in the province of York, and on twenty-four houses nearly all in the diocese of Norwich. The third consists of certain letters written by the commissioners (or visitors) to Cromwell.

The "Black Book" is supposed to have been the document which contained the reports of Cromwell's visitors or commissioners on the state of the monasteries, from which a digest

was apparently read to Parliament (1536). After hearing this paper read, the debate followed which resulted in the act for the suppression of the smaller religious houses, i.e., of those houses whose income did not exceed 200*l.* per annum (roughly in our present money, 2,000*l.* per annum).

Now the first mention of the "Black Book" occurs in a paper written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. "This was shewed in Parliament, and the villainies made known and allowed." The paper in which these words occur is supposed to have been written for the information of Elizabeth. If this "Black Book" ever existed and was presented to Parliament, it must have disappeared not long after it had been used. According to the common opinion, the Anglo-Romanists destroyed it in the reign of Mary, but this is absolutely unproven. Burnet, without any evidence to support him, suggests this explanation; and Froude adopts the suggestion of Burnet in the following clear-cut statement: "Bonner was directed by Queen Mary to destroy all discoverable copies of it, and his work was fatally well executed." But our brilliant if somewhat fanciful historian omits to give us any proof that his assertion respecting its destruction is founded on fact. Canon Dixon, commenting upon the story of the disappearance of this mysterious writing, says—on the high authority of Mr. Brewer—"There is no trace of wanton or designed destruction among the records."

The comperta and the letters of the visitors or commissioners therefore supply the only evidence of the alleged enormities of the dwellers in the monasteries. The comperta, no doubt, are very damaging to the character of the monastic houses; but they are, to say the least, singular statements upon which to base so terrible an accusation. Canon Dixon thus describes them:—

They follow a very rigid and a very summary way of describing their [the monks'] guilt; in them all the method is the same. The name of the house is given first, and under it follows a list of the religious per-

sons whom it contained, ranged under several almost invariable classifications: some as thieves, some appear as suspected of treason, some are enrolled as guilty of unnatural crimes; others as incontinent, incestuous, or adulterers. . . . There was no distinction made between one house and another. . . . Of the innocent there was no classification, nor was it possible to discover the proportion which they bore to the guilty, since the total number of inhabitants was never given.

The letters of the visitors are totally different from these rigid "cut and dried comperta." "They," as Canon Dixon tells us, "are vivacious or solemn, according to the temper of the writer; they abound in anecdotes, yet they seldom mention any monk by name, much less give lists of them." The question presses, whence come the lists of names which the comperta exhibit? There is a wide belief that the monasteries made numerous confessions, and that it was in consequence of these confessions that they were destroyed. Now if such confessions could ever have been produced, they would have settled the question of depravity at once; but they never have been produced. King Henry VIII. refers to them in his "Answer to the Rebels' Articles of Doncaster;" but he "refrained" from publishing them, and no trace of them exists. One notable confession alone we possess, that of the monastery of St. Andrew, Northampton, which contains an acknowledgment of voluptuous living. "This" (again to quote Canon Dixon), "which was made under amusingly suspicious circumstances, has been printed more than once by historians with the insinuation that there were more of the kind, but that one specimen would be enough." Unfortunately for the argument, no more of such documents are forthcoming.

Of the character of the Parliament which gave Henry the lesser monasteries, Bishop Stubbs writes: "Henry had clearly got a Parliament on which he could depend." Hallam, speaking of the obsequiousness and venality of Lords and Commons in this reign,

says: "Both Houses of Parliament yielded to every mandate of Henry's imperious will; they bent with every breath of his capricious humor; they were responsible for the sanguinary statutes, for the tyranny which they sanctioned by law, and for that which they permitted without law."

It is from Bishop Latimer, apparently an eye-witness of the scene, that historians have taken their well-known description of the "thrill of horror" with which the Parliament heard the king's description of the iniquities of abbots, monks, and nuns; but the words of bitter irony with which the good bishop qualified his description of the "thrill of horror" are not so well known. "When their enormities," wrote Latimer, "were first read in the Parliament House, they were so great and abominable that there was nothing but 'down with them;' but within a while after the same abbots were made bishops, for the saving of their pensions."

Nor does it seem by any way certain that even that Parliament — "upon which Henry could depend" — that "Parliament which yielded to every mandate of Henry's imperious will, and bent with every breath of his capricious humor," in spite of the "thrill of horror" with which it listened to Henry's description of monkish enormities — was really convinced of the truth of the king's descriptions; for Sir Henry Spelman, who, as Mr. Gasquet tells us, no doubt gave the traditional account of the matter, says: —

It is true the Parliament gave them [the lesser houses] to him, but so unwillingly (as I have heard), that when the bill had stuck long in the Lower House and could get no passage, he commanded the Commons to attend him in the forenoon in his gallery, where he let them wait till late in the afternoon; and then coming out of his chamber, walking a turn or two among them and looking angrily on them, first on one side and then on the other, at last, "I hear," saith he, "that my bill will not pass, but I will have it pass, or I will have some of your heads," and without any other rhetoric or persuasion returned to his chamber. Enough was said, the bill

passed, and all was given him as he desired.

The bill in due course became law, and three hundred and seventy-six of the smaller religious houses, their churches and their property, became the king's; thirty-one of these Henry refounded, only to be confiscated again in the course of the next four or five years. Thus this high-handed deed of wholesale spoliation was carried into effect, covered, it is true, by the highest legal sanction. Roughly speaking, some nine or ten thousand persons were turned adrift, with few exceptions almost destitute, and had to begin the world anew, as the result of the suppression of the smaller religious houses.

In the preamble to the famous act of Parliament of 1536, suppressing the three-hundred and seventy-six smaller monasteries, we come upon the following remarkable words, which deserve careful consideration: —

The King's most royal Majesty, being supreme head on earth under God of the Church of England, daily studying and devising the increase, advancement, and exaltation of true doctrine and virtue in the said Church, to the only glory and honor of God, and the total extirping and destruction of vice and sin, having knowledge that the premises be true, as well by the accòmpts of his late visitations as by sundry credible informations; considering also that divers great and solemn monasteries of this realm, wherein (thanks be to God!) religion is right well kept and observed, be destitute of such full number of religious persons as they ought and may keep, hath thought good, etc.

Thus, in the one formal document which legalizes a comparatively small portion of the great confiscation which was based upon some sort of evidence, we find an admission, couched in grave and measured language, "*that there were great and solemn monasteries in the realm, wherein religion was right well kept.*" For these, Parliament thanked God. The only semblance of fault-finding in the case of these "great and solemn monasteries" appears to be that they were not quite full! — in other words, these houses did not con-

tain their normal number of religious persons (the decrease in the number of "religious" after the Black Death of the fourteenth century has been already noticed); and yet within five years *all these great and solemn houses, without exception*, were swept into the spoiler's net; the dwellers in them driven out; their lands appropriated by the king; their most cherished possessions confiscated; very many of their stately minsters, abbeys, churches desecrated, ruined, destroyed, positively for the sake of the lead which covered their roofs; their holy vessels converted to strange uses; their sacred vestments prostituted to unworthy purposes; their priceless libraries scattered, tossed heedlessly aside. Never was so reckless a ruin accomplished; never so vast a robbery consummated with the flimsy veil of a subsequent Parliamentary sanction.

For, although no act, as in the case of the *smaller* houses, legalized this far more important confiscation, a retrospective edict by the king's direction was prepared and introduced by Lord Audley in 1539, which threw over the destruction of the great monasteries, "where religion was right well kept," the shield of the law. "Freely, voluntarily, under no manner of constraint, exaction, or compulsion," so runs the utterly mendacious act of Parliament, which serves to whitewash the tremendous deed of spoliation, "have many abbeys, priories, friaries, hospitals, and other religious houses resigned themselves, their lands, their property, their rights, into the hands of the king, since the twenty-seventh year of his reign [A.D. 1536, date of the Small Houses' Suppression Act]. Let the king and his heirs possess these houses forever."

Nor was this shameless act merely retrospective in its provision; it arranged for similar future deeds of confiscation thus: "Other religious houses may happen in future to be suppressed, dissolved, renounced, relinquished, forfeited, given up, or otherwise to come into the king's hands; let him enjoy them." Two more years were needed

to complete the work when this act was passed. Before 1541 was run out, all was over, and the last of the English monasteries had passed into the hands of King Henry VIII.

What now had been the past history of these great orders? Dean Kitchen — no passionate admirer of monasticism — dwells upon their influence on the world around them, in the pattern which a religious house (he was writing of a Benedictine community) afforded for the organization of home and public life generally.

Administrative completeness, such as reigned within the convent walls, was not to be found elsewhere; in no other place do we find so exact a subdivision of labor, so placid a sequence of routine. Even the king's court, in comparison, was but slightly organized; the feudal lord, who was in some ways the nearest parallel, lived careless and profuse, and his castle was a scene of rough, ill-ordered plenty, secured by no very scrupulous means. The civic communities had as yet but little of the common life, and administered few estates. On the other hand, the strong organization of the religious houses, the subdivision of responsibility, the custom of demanding and carefully auditing the yearly accounts of the officers, combined to make monasteries patterns after which a better order slowly came into being. They had no need to take part in the fighting which absorbed and destroyed the well-being of the lay world; within their walls peace reigned; from their stately churches ever rose the sound of prayer and praise; their gates were open to the pilgrim and traveller; hospitality and brotherly kindness softened in many ways the harsh incidence of feudal custom.

A monastery — to take chance instances — such as the Priory of St. Peter at Bath, or the Abbey of St. Mary at Tewkesbury, was highly esteemed by the people of the district where the religious house was situated, some of whom were benefactors or descendants of benefactors of the "house," nor was the influence of such a monastery confined to a few families; the power of its example and its teaching was felt and acknowledged far beyond the boundaries of its immediate neighborhood.

In the earlier Middle Ages it was the monks who taught Europe to practise agriculture, not to despise it; and to the end of their existence in England, they were ever among the best farmers and the most indulgent landlords. In commerce it is not too much to say that the monastic societies were in a way forerunners of modern trade. Dean Kitchin, in his monograph on the "Charter of Edward III. for the St. Giles Fair," speaks of the many strangers from various parts of England, and even from distant foreign lands, coming to this renowned fair, and purchasing silver or jewels or spices from the famed St. Swithun's stalls belonging to the great Winchester monastery, whose monks had more than one established shop in the fair, where they dealt in wines and stuffs as well as in spices and groceries, and in this way contributed not a little to the creation of the vast commerce of our country. In the early years of the fourteenth century we know that there were no fewer than one hundred and eighty religious houses in England which supplied the Florentine and Flemish markets with wool.

In art, during the Middle Ages, the Benedictines and the other orders were prominent, not only as the chief patrons of architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and embroidery, but as contributing from their ranks probably the majority of the number of English artists. The stately and magnificent abbeys and churches, and the beautiful buildings which clustered round them, were mostly built for the monks; they were probably largely designed by gifted members of their order; they were certainly commenced and completed under their immediate direction. Works such as the Chapel of King's, Cambridge, the Great Tower of Gloucester, the Bell Tower of Evesham, the Lady Chapel of Gloucester, carried out in the last century of their existence, show that to the end neither the hand nor brain of the monk artist had lost its cunning.

We possess a curious and interesting memoir, the "Rites of Durham."

The "Rites" have been accurately described as "a document containing a connected account of life in a great monastic community at the very moment of its dissolution; as being certainly the work of a man who had personal information and who had seen what he describes." In this little plain record of about one hundred pages, again and again we come upon allusions to the innumerable art treasures contained in the stately church; every window in the vast building was evidently filled with brilliant jewelled glass, such as no following age has succeeded in imitating; every wall was bright with frescoes; its many altars were rich with sumptuous embroideries; its storied shrines were adorned with cunning work in gold and silver, in brass and iron; its treasury was filled with costly plate, its guest-chamber with rich and beautiful furniture; its sacred vestments were marvels of skill and taste. What we know of Durham in its palmy days is true of many another great monastic abbey church of the Middle Ages. In England for some four or five hundred years the monk was the great artist, as well as the great patron of art.

The obligations of our country for several hundred years to the monastic orders in the matter of education and literature, in the production and multiplication of books, if not of so conspicuous a nature as in the case of art, still are by no means to be forgotten by the historian of the work of the monks. In some of the great houses where the cloisters are more or less preserved, a long row of "carrells" or little study chambers can still be seen. In Gloucester these are specially remarkable; in the South Cloister-walk some twenty of them are absolutely perfect; they remain as they were on the day of the dissolution of the monastery, save that the desks and seats have vanished; the very closets where the books in more immediate use were kept, can still be seen. In these little closets or "carrells," during several hours of the day, the monks sat and read or wrote. A library was also a

part of every considerable house; this was under the care of one of the chief obedientiaries of the monastery. In some houses a special scriptorium or writing-room was set apart for the use of the monks who were employed in copying the manuscripts. Many an artistic monk, Dean Kitchin tells us, constantly spent the best part of a lifetime bending over a single important manuscript, copying it, and minutely illuminating the precious and beautiful volume. Not a few of these books so copied were lent to the clergy and others outside the monastery who cared for these things.

A monastic library did not merely contain books bearing upon theology and sacred Scripture; medical and philosophical works, classics, histories, etc., were carefully treasured up by the monks. Some of these books were richly bound, and splendid with illuminations in gold and various colors. The "Durham Rites" speak of a great store of ancient manuscripts possessed by the house to help the monks in their study. The "Rites" go on to say how the store included

the old auncient written Doctors of the Church, as other profane authors, with divers other holle men's wourks, so that every one dyd studye what Doctor pleased them best, havinge the Librairie at all times to go and studye in, besydes their carrells.

From the same "Rites" we learn that in the dormitory each monk had a little chamber to himself with a window, or a bit of a window, and in the window a desk for books, so that he could study, if he pleased, in the hours spent in the dormitory. Special directions were given that the monks and novices were not to be disturbed in their "carrells" while they were studying.

In their care for education, in days when all training for the young, save in arms and field sports, was comparatively little thought of, the record of the monastic orders is an honorable one. Besides maintaining a "song school," the more important houses regularly

trained their novices in other learning; and again, to use the words of the "Durham Rites,"

yf the Maister dyd see that any of them weare apte to lernynge and dyd appple his booke, and had a pregnant wyt withall, then the Maister dyd lett the Prior have intelligence. Then streightway after, he was sent to Oxford to school.

Other people too sent their sons to the monks for education, which was sometimes given freely and sometimes paid for.

Mention has been made of Oxford. The "Durham College," besides the pupils sent up from the abbey, admitted regular students. A purely monastic college, as early as A.D. 1283, was founded in Oxford for thirteen monks of St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester. This, before the end of the thirteenth century, developed into a great Benedictine house of learning, and a long list of abbeys united together to maintain this Benedictine college at Oxford, which flourished until the Reformation.

Nor were the nunneries behindhand in the work of education in the rough and comparatively unlettered Middle Ages. Mr. Gasquet, quoting from contemporary records, writes as follows: "Here" (he is speaking of a Wiltshire convent) "the young maids were brought up and learned needlework, the art of confectionery, surgery," etc.

Passing from the question of the enormous and beneficent influence exercised by the monastic orders in a country like England during the Middle Ages, it will be well to draw a picture of the life lived in a great monastery such as Gloucester or Winchester or Durham. First of all, any idea of a solitary life lived for the most part in separate cells, like the Carthusian ideal now carried out at the Grande Chartreuse and in the other houses of their order, must be put aside. In a Benedictine (the principal and by far the most influential of the orders) monastery, the life was intensely social. The brothers worshipped together in the church, they took counsel together

in the chapter-house, they studied together in the cloister, they ate together in the refectory, they slept in one great dormitory. The vast size of these refectories and dormitories may be clearly traced at Gloucester and other places.

Under the lord abbot, as at Gloucester or Evesham, or the lord prior, as at Winchester or Durham, were gathered a group of officers or obedientiaries by whom the monks, their many dependants and tenants, were ruled; the whole constituting a well-ordered community which, to use Dean Kitchin's words,

on the one side kept up a perpetual protest against the rude vices of the age, and on the other side showed to the king, nobles, prelates, and burghers *the pattern of an organization* for the conduct of life and business which could hardly have been found elsewhere in mediæval times.

By the abbot's side stood the *first, second, and third priors*, the lieutenants of the abbot, and ready at once to step into his place should the chief be at any time incapacitated from exercising a general supervision over the whole community. After these dignified officers came a group specially attached to the great church or abbey. The *sacrist* had charge generally of the innumerable services; everything that bore upon their order and dignity was referred to him. This great official often had the care of the library, and acted as chancellor of the society, and wrote the letters which had to be sent out. After him came the *precentor*, who arranged the elaborate music and singing, which formed so large a part of the many services. He presided over the singers, arranged the processions, and exercised, under the abbot and the prior, the chief authority in church. In some houses the offices of sacrist and precentor were combined.

The *circa* was an official especially charged with the discipline of the services. His little stone desk, near the entrance of the choir, is still to be seen near the north gate of the choir of Gloucester. There, in the night hours or in the deep dawn of the early morn-

ing, he would stand, and carefully watch who was absent from the company, and would report the truuant to the full chapter on the following day; and when all were assembled in the gorgeous choir, the same officer went his rounds, with his little lamp gleaming in the dimly lighted church, to see if any weary brother had fallen asleep, and to rouse him up again to take his share in the perpetual nightly round of prayer and praise.

The *custos operum* or master of the works ranks the last of these great obedientiaries. His was no light duty, the watching over the constant repairs needed in these vast hives called monasteries, which clustered round the abbey. In Jocelyn de Brakelonda's delicious gossipy "*Chronicle of Bury St. Edmunds*," the ruined state into which many of the abbey buildings had fallen during the careless reign of Abbot Hugo, in the reign of King John, was severely commented on. The monk was a restless artist,—an indefatigable architect, and loved to be ever decorating his home with new, beautiful, sometimes fantastic work. Our cathedrals and abbeys, in the exquisite confusion of style of architecture which they present, tell us how successive generations of monks planned, designed, and carried out new works. They never wearied in their efforts to make their beautiful churches more beautiful; over all this the *custos operum* was supreme. We, who after long centuries are content to admire, and faintly to copy what our fathers have done in abbeys and cathedral buildings, owe a large debt to many an unknown, unrecorded *custos operum*.

The next group of monastic officials is a more homely one. The first in order was the *receiver* or treasurer. He had the duty of receiving and accounting for the rents of the abbey farms. His office in later days, when from various causes the religious houses grew poorer, must often have been an onerous, if not a painful one, and on him fell the perpetual strain to make ends meet, while sadly insufficient resources were at his command.

The obedientiary with the quaint title of *hordarian* shared, with the refectionarian and cellarer, the labor — no small one — of providing for the bodily needs of the numerous company who dwelt in a great house. Certain estates belonging to the monastery were set aside for this purpose. These were administered by the hordarian, who derived his somewhat barbarous title from his duties. He was set over the "hoard," or the supplies of food required for the refectory. The diet of the monks varied in different houses. Dean Kitchin, after careful examination of diet rolls, does not consider that the "religious" on the whole fared amiss. There is, however, no doubt but in many, perhaps in the majority of houses, there was a wearying sameness in the food provided, which was often rough and coarse. It must be borne in mind that most of the brethren were not drawn from the poor laboring folk, but rather from the upper middle class. An examination of the diet rolls shows that condiments such as mustard were freely used, especially on the many fast days. It would appear that the tasteless and somewhat indigestible fish diet became often repugnant.

Among the other notable obedientiaries, the *infirmarian* occupies a prominent position. Tender care for the sick and ailing especially distinguished the Benedictines. Their infirmaries were usually spacious, and not unfrequently were richly ornamented. The ruins of the graceful arches, still graceful after even a clumsy attempt at restoration, of the infirmary of the Benedictine house of Gloucester, testify to the former existence of stately buildings erected for the sick monk. This hospital, which adjoined the cloister, the sick shared with the aged brothers whose waning strength was insufficient to enable them to take part in the austere life and many services of the house. In this building, "in slow, tranquil decay, or in the little sunny garden attached to it, they spent their last days, without cares and without fears, till they were carried out to

burial in the cemetery hard by, to lie among the brethren gone before." The infirmarian usually possessed a knowledge of medicine and surgery. This knowledge was not uncommon among the Benedictines. Every monastic library contained books on these subjects, and not a few among the more famous mediæval physicians belonged to this order.

The *master of the novices* was chosen for his skill in and love for teaching. The *guest-master* had the charge of visitors, an important department in many of the greater houses. Hospitality to travellers was a distinguishing feature, and the remains of the great guest-halls we still possess tell us how carefully and even lavishly this was provided for. At Durham several of the large prebendal houses have been arranged out of the apartments and other offices belonging to the guests' hall.

Entertainment [says the "Rites of Durham,"] was given to all states, both noble, gentle, and what degree soever that came thither as strangers, their intertainment not being inferior to any place in England, both for the goodness of their diets, the sweete and daintie furniture of ther lodgings, and generally all things necessarie for travellers.

Another well-known obedientiary in a great monastery, the *camerarius* (chamberlain), must not be forgotten. He had the charge of all the furniture of the dormitory and refectory, and of the various chambers and halls of the monastery; and when the vast size and complex arrangements of a large Benedictine house are borne in mind, it will be seen that the duties of this officer were no light ones, and required constant skill and forethought to preserve the necessary decency and cleanliness and customary dignity, without exceeding the sum of money set apart for this purpose — an amount which gradually decreased in well-nigh all the religious houses as time went on.

There were a number of subordinate officials, such as cooks, door-keepers, gardeners, and the like, who need not be specially described. Indeed the

policy of the great monastic orders was rather to multiply offices, with a view of providing the brethren with occupations which would give them an interest in the well-being of their order, and in the prosperity and discipline of their own particular house.

The foregoing sketch of course refers to the organization of one of the more important Benedictine communities, such as Gloucester or Durham; but, with necessary modifications, it applies to the general government of even the smaller communities.

But the centre of a monastery was the church or abbey. Mr. Hunt, in his "Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul at Bath," gives the following *résumé* of the daily service of a Benedictine house:—

In all seasons alike the monks rose from their beds at midnight, and went into a cold church—think how terribly cold it must have been in the depth of winter!—and there went through a service, or rather two services, Matins and Lauds, which were mostly sung, and lasted about an hour and a half. They then crept back to bed again. At 7 A.M. they again assembled in their church for Prime, and at its close there was a short meeting in the Chapter-house for the ordinary business of the house, and specially its discipline. After that, one of the monks in priest's orders would, in his turn, celebrate Our Lady's Mass, while others would be reading or talking in the cloister. At 9 A.M. came Tierce, which was followed by High Mass and Sext. Dinner time was, in the fourteenth century probably 11 or 11.30, and during the meal some lesson would be read aloud. After dinner came Nones; and while most of the monks were engaged in that service, the Conversi, or lay-brethren, and the monks who had in their turn served the others at dinner, sat down to their meal. Then came a short time set apart, if desired, for sleep, which was followed by active employment of different kinds, by study or recreation. Vespers were sung at 3 P.M. Supper was at six, and was followed by a reading from some book of edification. At 7.30 came Compline, and then at eight the brethren went to the dormitory to sleep until they were roused for Matins. It was in the intervals of these stated duties that the officers of a Benedictine house transacted its manifold

business, and the other brethren studied in the "carrells" or wrote and illuminated in the Scriptorium.

Up to the period of the dissolution of the monasteries, A.D. 1536–1541, with little change, this had been the unvarying use of the large majority of the religious houses in England. Prayer and praise to Almighty God in their church or abbey had been the principal object of their lives—dating from the reforms of Lanfranc—for well-nigh five hundred years.

In the "Durham Rites" we read how before the high altar were "three marvellous faire silver basons hung in chaines of silver;" these contained great wax candles, "which did burne continually both day and night, in token that the house was always watchinge to God." Many and various are the estimates which men make as to the efficacy of prayer in changing or modifying God's purposes towards men; few will, however, be found to deny the moral beauty of this conception, which was the common heritage of all the monastic orders. The ideal of every monastery was the ideal typified by the Durham ever-burning lights: "*The house was always watchinge to God.*" The well-known collects and prayers enshrined in the solemn liturgy of the Church of England, are, in large measure, the prayers and collects prayed and sung for so many centuries, by day and by night, in the one thousand abbeys and chapels of the monks; they were thus forever interceding "for all sorts and conditions of men."

But, besides the perpetual prayer for others, a peculiar spiritual fellowship existed between the "religious" of the same order, and was indeed often extended to those of other orders. Mr. Hunt (*An Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul at Bath*) gives us a remarkable illustration of this fellowship in the bond for prayer made between the Priory of Bath and six other Benedictine convents, as far back as A.D. 1077, in which the parties agreed to pray for one another and their brethren, and to be loyal to the

king and queen with one heart and one soul. "It will be observed," adds Mr. Hunt, "that two of the abbots were of the conquering race, and their union with their English brethren is pleasant to contemplate."

When a monk died, a messenger was despatched to all the religious communities from which prayers were due, and indeed to many others, with a mortuary roll, having at the head an announcement of the death and a short account of the deceased. Each community acknowledged receiving the roll by writing upon it a promise of prayer for the soul of the departed, and, as a rule, a request for similar prayers for their deceased brethren and benefactors was added. The benefits of these prayers seem to have been granted to a large number of benefactors and others. Nor was this privilege by any means confined to the great and wealthy; a very small, even a nominal payment, such as a pound of wax, seems to have qualified a man or woman to be received, if otherwise fitting, into the number of "fratres" or "sorores" of the convent. Those so admitted knew that the divine sacrifice was daily offered for them in the church of the monastery, and that prayer was continually made for them while they lived, and that after death the welfare of their souls would be the subject of special intercession. The historian of the Bath Monastery goes on to say, "that whatever our religious opinions may be, we can hardly fail to see something beautiful in this tie between the outside world and the convent; the daily common life, often rough and hard, thus enriched and softened by spiritual sympathy and love."

To Lanfranc, the friend of William the Conqueror, the first Norman archbishop, the great monastic reformer of the eleventh century, "the kindler of light and force among the Norman clergy," is owing in great measure the plan of life which with certain interruptions, occasioned as different houses fell away for a season from their ideal, was led in that vast network of reli-

gious communities which covered England from 1070 to 1541. It was a noble as well as an enduring conception. The principles of monasticism in the England of the last half of the eleventh century, as taught by Lanfranc and his great pupil and successor Anselm, are well summed up by Dean Church:—

The hard, stern *sæculum* (age) was unmanageable and uncontrollable. Those who believed in Christ's teaching might be honest in leaving the wild tumult without, and, by adopting the monastic profession, secure ports of refuge and shelter, where men might find the religion which the conditions of active society seem to exclude. A man who wanted to be active in the world had little choice but to be a soldier; a man who wanted to serve God with all his heart had little choice but to be a monk. The governing thought of monastic life was that it was a warfare "*militia*," and the monastery a camp or barrack. There was continual drill and exercise, fixed times, appointed tasks, hard fare, stern punishment; watchfulness was to be incessant, obedience prompt and absolute. Monasteries were to be places where the search after peace and light and purity, and the conquest of evil, were made the objects of human life.

The life of a monk was a hard and austere one at best; it was sweetened and beautified with few of those luxuries men are ever accustomed to associate with even moderate comfort and happiness. The diet as we have seen was, if plentiful, generally coarse and unvarying, and the fasts frequent and rigorous; and in a damp and chilly climate like that of England, the monk must have often suffered acutely from cold. There were few fires kept up in any monastery. For the monks, save in the common room or in the refectory "at snow time," there was no fire. The "common room or house" is described in the "*Rites of Durham*" as "having a fyre kept in yt all winter, for the mounckes to come and warme them at, being allowed no fyre but that only." We are expressly told in the same "*Rites*," "they were allowed no fyre in the dormitory." We meet with constant notices respecting warm

clothing, furs, etc., so chill was the atmosphere of the great church, the refectory, and the dormitory. Any one who has had experience of the cold, damp "carrells" of the famous monastery of Gloucester, where the cloister was no doubt glazed as it is now, cannot help wondering how study could have been ever carried on under such circumstances. Yet in most cloisters, as at Westminster, there was positively no glazing; the monks, as they sat or walked, were exposed to the winds and damp.

The recreations of the monk were few and monotonous; the chief of them was perhaps the pacing up and down the little walks of the narrow limits of the cloister garth and garden, or cemetery, during certain hours of the day, where even such gossip talk as Jocelyn de Brakelonda tells us of in his quaint "Memoirs of the House of S. Edmund at Bury," in the days of King John, was sternly checked by that obedientiary the *circa* as he moved about among the brethren at recreation. There was a bowling-green for the novices, which the professed monks seemed to have used at times. These novices and the other schoolboy pupils in the house have left the traces of their games; on the stone benches of the Gloucester cloisters, where we know these boys were taught, and where they spent a portion of their lives, are playboards not obscurely marked in the stones. These gameboards for "Fox and Geese," "Nine Men's Morris," "In and Out," and other games, are found in other convent buildings at Westminster, Norwich, Salisbury, Durham, etc. Other vestiges of unlawful recreations of the more youthful dwellers in a monastery, such as cutting and carving the stones with letters and other devices, are occasionally found; for instance, half-way up the winding stair of the great tower at Gloucester, there is a rough little figure in the perfect dress of a burgher of the time of the Wars of the Roses, evidently the secret work of a youthful amateur carver in stone.

In some monasteries the monk was

allowed to possess and to amuse himself with strange pet animals, such as apes, peacocks, falcons, and even tame bears; and St. Swithun's *Consuetudinary* tells us that the cellarer had the special care of these "*animalia a diversis fratribus per multa tempora acquisita.*"

Much has been said and written concerning the evil example set by the monastic orders in matters of health and cleanliness, and there is no doubt but that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, if not later, an ostentatious neglect in these matters characterized the dwellers in monasteries. The scene which followed the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket has been often quoted, when beneath the stately trappings of the murdered prelate were discovered the garments of a Benedictine, and beneath these, an inner covering of a rough hair-cloth, which *swarmed with vermin*; "boiling over with them," as one account describes the sight, "like water in a simmering caldron." The passage in Archbishop Lanfranc's Decrees (eleventh century), which orders the chamberlain of the house to change the hay in the monks' pallets once a year, and once a year to clean out the dormitory, throws a strong light upon the state of a monastery in the days of the Norman kings. What must have been the general condition of a great chamber in which thirty, forty, or even many more monks, slept for a year on the same hay? Another act given by Lanfranc prescribes one bath a year just before Christmas day. This strange neglect of the body, however, appears to have been based upon two considerations: the one, that disregard of the perishable body was an acceptable service; the other, that dirt, however unwholesome in itself, was regarded as a great preservative against cold.

But, as the Middle Ages advanced, a very different rule of life was gradually adopted in the matter of cleanliness. In the fourteenth century the "*Consuetudines in Refectorio*" of the important house of St. Swithun at Winchester especially charges the prior

with the care of strewing the refectory with new rush mats seven times in the year, three in winter and four in summer. These rush mats, Dean Kitchin tells us, formed a considerable item in the monastic life. They were often woven by the monks themselves, who slept under them or on them, prayed on them, sat on them, and lay on them when dying. They were harder than the straw litter and more wholesome. The same *Consuetudinary* tells us how one of the chamberlain's duties was to renew the canvas cloths on the refectory table from time to time, and to provide napkins to wipe the cups of silver and of wood; provision is also made for cleaning out the hall by the porter.

In the "Durham Rites," — that accurate picture of a great religious house just before the dissolution, we read of a

fair Almerie (close to the refectory door), joyned in the wall; all the forepart of the Almerie was carved work, for to give ayre to the towels, and there was a door in the forepart of the Almerie, and every mounche had a key for the said Almerie, wherein did hinge clean towels for the mounches to drye their hands on when they washed and went to dinner.

The almerie hard by the refectory door, with the iron hinge of the door and the beautifully carved open work above to let in the air to dry the towels, is still to be seen in the Gloucester cloister opposite the lavatory, only slightly injured by time and the horses of a troop of Cromwell's soldiers which were stabled there!

The "Durham Rites" describe the "fair laver or conduit for the mounchs to wash their hands and faces at, covered with lead, and all of marble, having many little condits or spouts of brasse, with xxiiii. cockes of brasse." This washing, probably in the fourteenth century, became part of the monastic discipline, for the "Rites" tell us how a bell hung near "the condit door to give warning at a leaven of the clock for the mounchs to cumme, wash, and dyne, having their closetts or almeries kept always with swete and

clene towels." The place where this "call bell" hung is still to be seen in the Gloucester cloister. The same "Rites" too provide for an obedienciary of the house seeing to the scrupulous cleanliness of the "geste chamber," where all the "table clothes, table napkins, and all the naprie within the chamber, as sheetes and pillowes," were to be "kept sweate and cleane."

A study on the monastic life, which in its day so powerfully influenced our country on the whole for good, and which, we are intensely convinced, trained up many earnest and devout souls, would be incomplete and one-sided if no notice were taken of the more obvious faults which accompanied the system, and of some of the evil consequences to the outer world.

The idea which has already been dwelt upon as the ground idea of men like Lanfranc and Anselm — "that earnest men could best fulfil God's purpose by leaving the unmanageable and uncontrollable world to follow its own way, and by securing for themselves ports of refuge and shelter out of its wild tumult," — was arrived at by ignoring the solemn prayer of the founder of Christianity: "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The natural result of this selfish — as it now seems to thoughtful men — purpose was to beget a spirit of stern exclusiveness among the "religious." This at once showed itself in the architecture of those splendid and matchless homes of prayer, which the spirit of devotion and enthusiasm for godliness, undoubtedly existing among the monastic bodies, guided them to erect and adorn. In every great church and abbey the choir was looked upon as the most sacred part of the church; this was beautified and cared for with an especial care, and was rigidly reserved for the monk; from this sacred choir every one who was not a brother was excluded. In not a few of the monastic churches, such as in the lordly Abbey of Evesham, the nave as well as the choir was closed to

the outer world, and another and less important church was erected close by for worshippers who belonged not to the charmed circle of professed monks. When the day of destruction arrived, the mass of the people cared little or nothing about the ruin of a building from which they had been always excluded. The notion sank deeply into the heart of the monk that the object of his dedication to the religious life was to secure his own salvation, with little reference to the spiritual needs of the world outside.

Self-centred, having few interests outside those cloistered walls where they proposed to pass their lives, under the shadow of which they hoped to die, they regarded themselves as a chosen band, they believed themselves to be moving heavenwards as a company and all together; the whole notion underlying their existence was that of each helping the others within the narrow limits of the community.

On the other hand, their religion had hardly any outward tendency; they had no vocation to save the outer world. The monks hardly realized that those outside were their brethren, hungry and naked, full of needs and sufferings; the provision for their stately church, their community, their administration, made them hard and unfeeling towards others; and this was fostered and aggravated by their own firm belief that they were, in a sense, especially God's elect, the heirs of safety here and of salvation hereafter.

This was the deliberate opinion of Dean Kitchin, one of the most thoughtful of our modern scholars in monastic lore, and this opinion is shared by other students of our time; and though perhaps in the above-quoted words it is somewhat exaggerated and unduly pressed, their estimate contains much truth, and the downfall of monasticism in England is no doubt very largely due to the undoubted existence of this stern spirit of exclusiveness. The monk, notwithstanding his splendid record of service done to religion, to art, to letters, and indeed to well-nigh everything that made life beautiful and desirable in a nation, had failed in the long run to find the key to the people's

hearts; and when he fell, at the bidding of a tyrannical and unscrupulous king, the victim of a false and unjust cry, his fate was almost unpitied and well-nigh unnoticed.

Monastic Christianity finds its most complete expression in that small manual of devotion put out in the fifteenth century, known as "*The Imitation of Christ*." Its boundless popularity reminds us, said Dean Milman, that it supplies some imperious want in the Christianity of mankind; but, like monasticism, of which it is the perfect exponent,

it is absolutely and entirely selfish in its aims as in its acts; its sole, single, exclusive object is the purification, the elevation of the individual soul, of the man absolutely isolated from his kind, with no fears, no hopes, no sympathies of our common nature; he has absolutely withdrawn himself, not only from the cares, the sins, the trials, but from the duties, the moral and religious fate of the world.

The Dean of St. Paul's summary of the spirit of the famous "*Manual*" in connection with the aims of monasticism is remarkable; and although some who love the book may be pained by Milman's words, they are worth pondering over.

It was the knowledge of this fatal error which suggested to Dominic and Francis and their companions, in the early years of the thirteenth century, the idea of founding the Mendicant Orders. The acknowledged aim of the Dominican and Franciscan friar was to spread abroad those glad tidings which the Benedictine chose mainly to confine within the walls of his own religious house. "Their primary object, different from the Benedictine ideal, was not the salvation of the individual monk, but the salvation of others through him." The rapid growth of the popularity of the friars is a sufficient indication that in some respects at least *they* had found the key to the hearts of the people; nor is it too much to say that the coming of the friars put off the downfall of monasticism in England for two centuries.

Another grave accusation levelled at the Benedictines charges them with neglecting the churches on their broad lands and allowing them to be but imperfectly and inadequately served by inferior members of their own community, or by illiterate and poorly paid priests appointed by them. This subject has as yet never been thoroughly investigated, but the language used by some of our modern writers in their review of this charge is inexcusable, and unwarranted by the facts of the case, so far as they are known. Mr. Hunt, in his lucid and interesting account of the Priory of Bath, speaks of these churches on the monastic and other lands, thus :—

The system of appropriation of revenues which properly belonged to certain churches grew to its full extent by degrees, and was a general abuse. It was much ameliorated by the ordination of vicarages, by which in each case a fixed portion of the revenues of his church was secured to the parish priest, the remainder being allotted to the monastery.

That men of an inferior calibre belonging to the house or elsewhere were generally appointed to these benefices, seems a baseless assertion. It will be remembered, for instance, in the well-known "*Memoirs of Jocelyn de Brake-londa*," how desirous the monk Sampson, one of the ablest of the brethren of the great monastery of St. Edmund at Bury, was to obtain the living of Woolpit, which belonged to his house. The charge—if properly substantiated, a grave one—of appointing inferior and ill-qualified persons to cures of souls, most likely grew out of the state of things which followed the ravages of the Black Death.

Some steps had been taken by Parliament to mitigate the abuses which undoubtedly existed in the matter of parish churches belonging to the monasteries in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. But they proved ineffectual. In 1529 Convocation ordered that the abuses of monastic appropriations should be investigated and amended. The great confiscation, however, rudely interrupted this and

many another project of well-considered reform of undoubted abuses, and the lands and goods of the monastic orders were seized by men "from whose minds," to use Canon Dixon's words,

nothing was further than to restore the appropriations; and the incumbents of monastic and other benefices, instead of being better off, found themselves (after the great confiscation) sunk in a penury which grew greater with every successive generation.

To many a thinker, perhaps to the majority, in the sixteenth century, the work of the monasteries seemed finished. Be this how it may, through the long, dark period of the Middle Ages, these monastic foundations had rendered incalculable service to Christianity and to civilization. If, as many think, it were well—their work being done—that in the sixteenth century they should disappear and give place to others, it is only common justice to lift off the veil of undeserved obloquy with which the authors of their downfall, for their own mean purposes, have disfigured their memory.

The accusations against the moral character of the monk were made in order that men might welcome the dissolution of the monasteries. But the charges were for the most part baseless. The evidence of the visitors of Henry VIII. breaks down when carefully examined. The visitors themselves were men of far from unblemished character. Their testimony, such as it was, only applied to a very small proportion of the houses accused. The so-called "*Confessions*" they produced were infinitesimally few in number, and bore unmistakable signs of being simply cut-and-dried documents. The usual stock stories of the iniquity of monks and nuns were clearly pieces of slanderous gossip, and even King Henry's summary in the preamble to the act of 1536 bore testimony in the strongest terms to the pure state of many "great and solemn" monasteries, all of which, *without exception*, shared in the common ruin.

Nothing to justify the traditional

opinions appears in the results of the visitation of the houses. Mr. Gasquet estimates the number of "religious" of both sexes who were expelled from the houses as roughly eight thousand persons, besides probably more than ten times that number of people who were their dependants, or otherwise obtained their livelihood in the service of the religious houses. In the computa and letters scarcely two hundred and fifty monks and nuns are named as guilty of incontinence; of these two hundred and fifty, one-third, he tells us, can be identified as having received pensions, which surely even Burnet would consider as disproving the charges in their regard. This would leave less than one hundred and seventy out of eight thousand, tainted by being *accused* of grave offences against morality by the royal visitors; but being *accused* by such interested parties as the visitors undoubtedly were, is a very different thing from "being convicted of guilt." No witnesses ever seem to have been produced, nor in any case do the monks appear to have been allowed to answer to the charges brought against them.

As regards the nuns, Mr. Gasquet tells us that only some twenty-seven in all were charged with vice, and of these twenty-seven, seventeen are known to have been afterwards pensioned; and that further, in the whole visitation, extending over thirteen counties, the visitors only report that some fifty monks and two nuns were desirous to abandon the religious life.

Dean Kitchin, in his exhaustive introduction to the "Obedientiary Rolls of Winchester," considers that while "in that great house the reputation for learning which it acquired in earlier days unfortunately faded away as time went on, *the moral character* of the body seems to have been consistently high;" and again, later, he repeats "that even slander had respected that venerable house, and the records carefully searched out reveal nothing that can be turned to its serious discredit;" and in his final summary, this writer, whom no one

will accuse of an undue partiality for the monastic system speaks of

interested and truthless persons who, in the Reformation time and in later days, have thought to honor God by blackening wholesale the monastic character. "*Deo per mendacium gratificari*" is still far too often the guiding line of many a polemic who tries to win his battle by flinging dirt in the faces of his opponents.

A glance at a few of the strict disciplinary rules of the famous Priory of Durham, which we find in the "Rites" already quoted, will form a fitting close to this little study on the monasteries of England at the era of their final dissolution.

No woman was ever permitted to come within the body of the church; but more than this, in section xviii. we read:—

Yf any woman chaunced to come within the abei gaits or within any presynck of the house, yf she had bene sene but her length within any place of the saide house, she was taken and sett fast and punished, to gyve example to all others for douting the like.

In section xliii., treating of the dorter (dormitory), we read how every monk had in that

faire large house called the dorter, a little chamber of wainscott to himself; every little chamber was partitioned of, and the novices had also little chambers, each separate; and in the dorter [dormitory] every night was there a privy serche by the Supprior, who did caule at every mounches chamber (by their names) to se good order kept, that none should be wanting (as also that there were no disorders amongst them); also the said Supprior's chamber was the first in the dorter for seing of good order kept.

The doors of the house were rigorously locked, and the keys placed in the charge of a responsible officer. Section xliii. contains the following:—

All the dures both of the seller, the frater, the dorter, and the cloisters were locked at evin, at vi. of the clocke, and the keys delivered to the Supprior untill vii. of the clocke the next morninge.

A rigid watch was kept at night by one of the chief obedientiaries.

The Supprior's chamber was over the dorter dour, to the intent to heare that none should stir or go forth.

And his office was to goe every nighte as a privy watch before mydnyght and after mydnyght to every mounches chamber and to caule at his chamber dour upon him by his name, to se that none of them should be lacking or stolen furth.

If a monk were found guilty of any grave moral offence, the punishment was exceedingly severe. "Underneath the Master of the Fermyre's [infirmary] chamber was a strong prison called the Lynghouse, which was ordained for all such as were greate offenders." The guilty monk was to be immured in this dungeon "for the space of one hole year in cheynes." No one was to have access to this dungeon save the master of the infirmary, "who did let downe their meate thorough a trap door on a corde, being a great distance from them." It would be interesting to know if offenders often emerged alive from this living death.

Some think that the dissolution of the monasteries inflicted a terrible blow on the social state of England; others are of opinion that the work of the "orders" was done when the sixteenth century dawned. Neither view prevents us from lamenting the irreparable mischief which the rough and covetous hands of the spoilers worked, when they pulled down the mighty edifice of monasticism. Still less does either oppose our doing a tardy justice to the memory of an army of "toilers for God," on the whole guiltless of the grave charges brought against them—charges, as we have seen, largely manufactured for the purpose of providing an excuse for their spoliation.

People of all ranks acquiesced in spiritless fashion in the great act of confiscation. Popular indignation showed itself, here and there, in armed risings or angry murmurs. But these manifestations of feeling were very far from being the voice of England as a nation, and they soon died down again; the monk had disappeared, and only a few cared very much. Even those who still resent with most bitter-

ness the irreparable losses brought about by the spoliation, who feel most intensely the wrong done to the memory of a crowd of earnest, God-fearing men, cannot help acknowledging that England as a nation, if it did not applaud, at least calmly accepted the act of its imperious master and his servant Cromwell. Thus the monk passed; but no change, however far-reaching in its consequences, like that brought about by the printing-press,—no national upheaval, like that which closed the period known as the Middle Ages,—can ever obliterate or even dull the memory of the splendor of the work done by the monastic orders.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A MASTER OF DECEIT.

WHEN Jamie Soutar dropped into the smithy one spring evening with an impracticable padlock, and mentioned casually that he was going to London next day, the assembled neighbors lost power of speech.

"Did ye say London, Jamie?" Hillocks was understood to have shown great presence of mind in unparalleled circumstances; "an' are ye in yir senses?"

"As sune as ye recover yir strength, Smith," said Jamie, taking no notice of fatuous questions, "a'll be obleeged gin ye wud turn the key in this lock. It's a wee dour tae manage; a' hevna used ma bag sin a' gaed tae the saut water sixteen year past."

"Did ye ever hear the like?" and the smith looked round the circle for support, refusing to treat Jamie's demand as an ordinary matter of business.

"What are ye glowerin' at me for as if a' wes a fairlie?" and Jamie affected anger; "hes a Drumtochty man no as muckle richt tae see the metropolis o' the country as ither fouk, gin he can pay his fare up an' doon?"

"A've been wantin' tae see the Tooer o' London, whar mony a lord hes pairted wi' his heid, an' Westminster Abbey, whar the michty dead are

lyin', an' the Hooses o' Parliament, whar they haver a hale nicht through, an' the streets, whar the soond o' feet never ceases.

"The fact is," and Jamie tasted the situation to the full, "a'm anxious tae improve ma mind, an' gin ye speak me fair a'll maybe gie the Glen a lecture in the schule-hoose in the winter-time, wi' a magic-lantern, ye ken."

The neighbors regarded him with horror, and, after he had departed, united their wisdom to solve the mystery.

"Jamie's by himsel in the Glen," summed up Hillocks, "an' hes a wy o' his ain. Ma thoct is that he juist took a notion o' seein' London, an' noo that we've contered [opposed] him, Jamie 'ill go, gin it cost him ten notes."

On his way home Jamie gave Janet Grant a cry, who was sitting very lonesome and sad-like before the door of her little cottage.

"Hoo are ye, Janet? the smell o' spring's in the air, an' the buds are burstin' bonnie. Ye'll no hae heard that a'm aff tae London the morrow, juist for a ploy, ye ken, tae see the wonders."

As Janet only stared at him, Jamie offered explanations in atonement for his foolishness.

"Ye see a've aye hed an ambeetion tae see the big warld that lies ootside oor bit Glen, for its far-awa' soon' hes been often in ma ear. A've savit a note or twa, an' a'll get a glimpse afore a' dee."

"It's a Providence, an' naethin' less than an answer tae prayer," broke in Janet, in great agitation; "here hev I been murnin' that a' cudna get tae London masel, an' that a' kent naeboddy there, till ma heart was weary in ma briest."

"Naethin' is sairer, Jamie, than tae ken that aue ye luvie is lyin' ill amang strangers, wi' naeboddy o' her bluid tae speak a couthy word tae her, puir lassie, or gie her a drink. A' wes juist seein' her lyin' alane at the top of the big hoose, an' wushin' she wes wi's a' in the Glen."

"Posty said something aboot Lily bein' a wee sober," Jamie remarked, with much composure, as if the matter had just come to his memory; "an' noo a' mind ye expeckit her hame for a holiday laist August. She wadna be wantin' tae traivel sae far north, a'm jalousin'."

"Traivel!" cried Janet; "naeboddy cares for a lang road gin it brings us hame; an' Lily wes coontin' she would come up wi' the Drumtochty fouk on the first Friday o' laist August. A' wes cleanin' up the place for a month tae hae't snod, but she didna come, an' a'm fearin' she'll no be here again; a' hed a feelin' frae the beginnin' a' wud never see Lily again."

"Her letter cam on a Thursday afternoon when I was beginnin' tae air the sheets for her bed, an' when Posty gave it, I got a turn. 'Lily's no comin'; sit doon,' a' said."

"Scarlet fever hes broken oot amang the bairns in the family, an' she thoct it her duty tae stay and help, for the hoose wes fu' o' nurses, an' the cair-ryin' wes by ordinar."

"It wes a sacrifice," said Jamie. "Lily never eneuch cared for hersel; the wark wud tell on her, a'll war-rant."

"Ma opeenion is that she's never got the better o' that month, an', Jamie, a' hevna likit her letters a' winter. It's little she says aboot hersel, but she's hed a hoast [cough] for sax months, an' a' gither her breath's failin'."

"Jamie, a' hevna said it tae a livin' soul, but a've hed a warnin' no langer back than laist nicht. Lily's deein', an' it wes London 'at hes killed her."

"Ye'll gae tae see her, Jamie; ye aye were a gude friend tae Lily, an' she likit ye weel. Write hoo she is, an' bring her back wi' you gin she can traivel, that a' may see her again, if it be the Lord's wull."

"Dinna be feared o' that, Janet; a'll no come back withoot Lily," and Jamie's air of resolution was some consolation.

Before he left, Jamie visited a sheltered nook in Tochty woods, and when

he inquired for Lily Grant next day at the door of a London West-End house, there was a bunch of fresh primroses in his hand.

"Disna live here noo, did ye say? then what hae ye dune wi' Lily? a' maun get tae the boddom o' this," and Jamie passed into the hall, the majestic personage at the door having no strength left to resist.

"Tell yir mistress this meenut that a freend hes come frae Drumtochty tae ask news o' Lily Grant, an' wull wait till he gets them," and Jamie's personality was so irresistible that the personage counselled an immediate audience.

"Grant's father, I suppose?" began Lily's mistress, with auspicious fluency. "No? Ah, then, some relative, no doubt? how good of you to call, and so convenient, too, for I wanted to see some of her family. She was an excellent servant, and so nice in the house; the others were quite devoted to her. But I never thought her strong. Don't you think London is trying to country girls?"

Jamie did not offer any opinion.

"One of the children caught that horrid scarlet fever, and in the beginning of August, of all times, when we were going down to Scotland. Some of the servants had left, and the child had to be nursed here; there was lots of work, and it fell on Grant.

"She was going at that very time to her home — Drum something or other; or was it Ben? it's always the one or the other when it isn't Mac."

"Drumtochty is the name o' Lily's hame, an' her auld grandmither was lookin' for her aifter three years' service."

"Quite so; and that's just what I said to her. 'Take your holiday, Grant, and we'll worry on somehow,' but she wouldn't go. We thought it so pretty of her for servants are generally so selfish; and she really did wonderfully, as much as three women, do you know?"

"If it wudna hurry ye, wud ye tell me her address in London?"

"Of course; I'm coming to that,

but I felt you would like to hear all about her, for we had a great idea of Grant. It was a cold it began with, and one day I heard her coughing, and told her she must positively see a doctor; but Grant was very obstinate at times, and she never went."

"It's possible that she didna ken ane. An' what cam o' her cough?"

"It was too dreadful, and they ought not to have taken me to the room. I could not sleep all night. Grant had broken a blood-vessel, and they thought she was dying."

"Is Lily deid?" demanded Jamie.

"Oh no; how could you fancy such a thing? But our doctor said it was a very bad case, and that she could not live above a week. We were desolated to part with her, but of course she could not remain — I mean, we knew she would receive more attention in a hospital. So you understand —"

"A' dae," broke in Jamie, "fine; Lily workit for you an' yir bairns in a time o' need till a' the strength she brocht wi' her wes gane, an' then, when she wes like tae dee, ye turned her oot as ye wudna hae dune wi' ane o' yir horses. Ye've a graund hoose an' cairry a high heid, but ye're a puir meeserable cratur, no worthy tae be compared wi' the lass ye hev dune tae deith."

"You have no right —" but Jamie's eyes went through her and she fell away; "she can — have her wages for — two months."

"No one penny o' yir siller wull she touch beyond her lawful due; gie me the name o' the hospital, an' a'll tak care o' oor puir lass masel."

When Jamie was told at the hospital that Lily had been taken away again in the ambulance next day to the house of the visiting physician, his wrath had no restraint.

"Is there nae place in this ceety whar a freendless lassie can rest till she gaes tae her laist hame?" and Jamie set off for the physician, refusing to hear any explanation.

"Hev a' an appointment wi' Sir Andra? Yes, a' hev, an' for this verra

meenut." So again he got access, for the virile strength that was in him.

We have done all we could for her, but she has only a day to live," said Sir Andrew, a little man, with the manner of a great heart; "she will be glad to see you, for the lassie has been wearying for a sight of some kent face."

"Ye're Scotch," said Jamie, as they went up-stairs, softening and beginning to suspect that he might be mistaken about things for once in his life; "hoo did ye bring Lily tae yir ain hoose?"

"Never mind that just now," said Sir Andrew. "Wait till I prepare Lily for your coming," and Jamie owned the sudden tone of authority.

"One of your old friends has come to see you, Lily"—Jamie noted how gentle and caressing was the voice—"but you must not speak above a whisper nor excite yourself. Just step into the next room, nurse."

"Jamie," and a flush of joy came over the pale, thin face, that he would hardly have recognized, "this is gude—o' ye—tae come sae far,—a' wes wantin'—tae see a Drumtochty face afore a'——" Then the tears choked her words.

"Ou aye," began Jamie, with deliberation. "You see a' wes up lookin' aifter some o' Drumsheugh's fat cattle that he sent aff tae the London market, so of course a' cudna be here without giein' ye a cry."

"It was a ploy tae find ye, juist like hide-an-seek, but, ma certes, ye hev got a fine hame at laist," and Jamie appraised the dainty bed, the soft carpet, the little table with ice and fruit and flowers, at their untold value of kindness.

"Div ye no ken, Jamie, that a'm——" But Lily still found the words hard to say at three-and-twenty.

"Ye mean that ye hevna been takin' care o' yirsel, an' a' can see that masel," but he was looking everywhere except at Lily, who was waiting to catch his eye. "Ye'll need to gither yir strength again an' come back wi' me tae Drumtochty."

"Ye ken whar thae floors grew, Lily," and Jamie hastily produced his primroses; "a' thocht ye micht like a sicht o' them."

"Doon ablow the Lodge in the Tochtly woods—whar the river taks a turn—an' the sun is shinin' bonnie noo an' a birk stands abune the bank an' dips intae the water."

"The verra place, a couthy corner whar the first primroses come oot. Ye hevna forgot the auld Glen, Lily. Dinna greet, lassie, or Sir Andra 'ill be angry. Ye may be sure he'll dae a' he can for ye."

"He hes, Jamie, an' mair than a' can tell; a' wud like Grannie an'—a' the fouk tae ken hoo a've been treated—as if a' wes a leddy, an' his ain blude."

"When they laid me in the bed at the hospital, an' a githered that—it wudna be lang, an awfu' longin' cam intae ma hert—for a quiet place tae—dee in."

"It was a graund airy room, an' everybody wes kind, an' a' hed a'thing ye cud wish for, but—it gied against ma nature tae—wi' a' thae strangers in the room; oor hooses are wee, but they're oor ain."

Jamie nodded; he appreciated the horror of dying in a public place.

"Sir Andra cam roond an' heard the accoont, an' he saw me greetin'—a' cudna help it, Jamie—an' he read ma name at the tap o' the bed."

"You're from my country," he said, but he didna need tae tell me, for a' caught the soond in his voice, an' ma hert warmed; 'don't be cast down, Lily; a' coontit it kind tae use ma name; 'we'll do all we can for you.'

"A' ken a'm deen'," a' said, 'an' a'm no feared, but a' canna thole the thocht o' slippin' awa in a hospital; it wud hae been different at hame.'

"Ye'll no want a hame here, Lily; it wes braid Scotch noo, an' it never soonded sae sweet; an', Jamie"—here the whisper was so low, Jamie had to bend his head—"a' saw the tears in his een."

"Rest a wee, Lily; a'm followin'; sae he took ye tae his ain hoose an' pit

ye in the best room, an' they've waitit on ye as if ye were his ain dochter; ye dinna need tae speak; a' wudna say but Sir Andra might be a Christian o' the auld kind, a' mean, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.'"

"Jamie," whispered Lily, before he left, "there's juist ae thing hurtin' me a wee; it's the wy ma mistress — hes treated me. A' tried tae be faithfu', though maybe a' didna answer the bells sae quick the laist sax months, — an' a' thocht she might — hae peetied a lone cratur mair."

"It's no that a' hev ony cause o' complaint aboot wages or keep — a' wes twice raised, Jamie, an' hed a' thing a' needed, an' a'm no hurt aboot being carried tae the hospital, for there were five stairs tae ma room, an' — it wudna hae been handy tae wait on me."

"Na, na, Jamie, a'm no onreasonable, but — a' houpit she wud hae come tae see me or — sent a bit word; gin a body's sober [weak] like me, ye like tae be remembered; it — minds you o' the luvie o' God, Jamie," and Lily turned her face away. "A' wes prayin' tae see a Drumtochty face aince mair, an' a've gotten that, an' gin ma mistress hed juist said, 'Ye've dune as weel as ye cud,' a' wudna ask mair."

"Ye hae't then, Lily," said Jamie, taking an instant resolution, "for a've been tae see yir mistress, an' a' wes fair — nshamed the wy she spoke aboot ye, being Drumtochty masel, an' no' wantin' tae show pride."

"As sure's a'm here, she cudna find words for her thochts o' ye; it wes naethin' but yir faithfulness an' yir gude wark, hoo a'body liket ye an' hoo gratefu' she wes to you. A' wes that affeckit that a' hed tae leave."

"What wud ye say, wumman, gin you ground lady hes been twice a-day at the hospital speirin' for you, kerridge an' a', mind ye; but ye ken they're terribly busy in thae places, an' canna aye get time tae cairry the messages."

"But that's no a'," for the glow on Lily's face wes kindling Jamie's inspiration, and he saw no use for economy in a good work. "What think ye

o' this for a luck-penny? twenty pund exact, an' a' in goud; it looks bounnie glintin' in the licht," and Jamie emptied on the table the store of sovereigns he had brought from Muirtown bank without shame.

"The mistress surely never sent that — tae me?" Lily whispered.

"Maybe a' pickit it up on the street; they think awa in the country the very streets are goud here. 'Give her this from us all,' were her verra words," said Jamie, whose conscience had abandoned the unequal struggle with his heart. "Tell her that she's to get whatever she likes with it, and to go down to her home for a long holiday."

"Did ye thank her, Jamie? Nae man hes a better tongue."

"Ma tongue never servit me better; sall, ye wud hae been astonished gin ye hed herd me," with the emphasis of one who stood at last on the rock of truth.

"A'm rael content noo," Lily said, "but a' canna speak mair, an' a've something tae say that'll no keep till the morn," and Jamie promised to return that evening.

Jamie waited in the hall till the last of the famous physician's patients had gone; then he went in and said, —

"When a' entered this hoose ma hert wes sair, for a' thocht a defenceless lassie hed been ill-used in her straits, an' noo a' wud like to apologize for ma hot words. Ye've dune a gude work the day that's no for the like o' me to speak aboot, but it'll hae it's reward frae the Father o' the fatherless."

"Toots man what nonsense is this you're talking?" said Sir Andrew; "you don't understand the situation. The fact is, I wanted to study Lily's case, and it was handier to have her in my house. Just medical selfishness, you know."

"A' might hae thocht o' that," and the intelligence in Jamie's eye wes so sympathetic that Sir Andrew quailed before it. "We hev a doctor in oor parish that's juist yir marra [equal], aye practeesin' on the sick fouk, an'

for lookin' aifter himsel he passes belief."

"Juist Weelum MacLure ower again," Jamie meditated, as he went along the street. "London or Drumtochty, great physeeician or puir country doctor, there's no ane o' them tae mend anither for doonricht gudeness. There's naeboddy 'ill hae a chance wi' them at the latter end; an' for leelin' tae, a' believe Sir Andra wud beat Weelum himsel."

When Jamie returned, Lily had arranged her store of gold in little heaps, and began at once to give directions.

"Ye maun pay ma debts first, ye ken, Jamie; a' cudna—leave, thinkin' that a' wes awin' a penny tae onybody. Grannie aye brocht us up tae live sae that we cud look a'body in the face, and exceptin' Chairlie—"

"Twal shilling tae the shoemaker, an honest, well-daein' man; mony a time he's telt me aboot John Wesley; and a poond tae the dressmaker; it's no a' for masel; there was anither Scotch lassie,—but that disna maitter. Cud ye pay thae accoonts the nicht, for the dressmaker 'ill be needin' her money? It wes ma tribble hindered me; a' started ae day, an' the catch in ma side—an' hed tae come back.

"Noo there's ma kirk, an' we mauuna forget it, for a've been rael happy there; ma sittin' wes due the beginnin' o' the month, and a' aye gied ten shillings tae the missions; an', Jamie, they were speakin' o' presentin' the minister wi' some bit token o' respect aifter bein' twenty-five years here. Pit me doon for a poond—no ma name, ye ken; that wud be forward; juist 'A gratefu' servant-lass.'

"Ye'll get some bonnie handkerchief or siclike for the nurse; it wudna dae tae offer her siller; an' diuna forget the hoosemaid, for she's hed a sair trachle wi' me. As for Sir Andra,—naething can py him.

"Here's five pund, and ye'll gie't tae Grannie; she kens wha it's for; it'll juist feenish the debt—"

"Ye can haud yir tongue, Jamie. Wull ye write a line tae Chairlie, an' say—that a' wes thinkin' o' him at

the end, an' expectin' him tae be a credit tae his fouk—some day; an', Jamie, gin he ever come back in his richt mind tae the Glen, ye'll—no be hard on him like ye wes laist time."

"Chairlie 'ill no want a freend gin a' be leevin', Lily; is that a' ? for ye're tirin' yersel."

"There's ae thing mair, but a'm dootin' it's no richt o' me tae waste Grannie's siller on't, for a' wantit tae leave her somethin' wiselike; but oh, Jamie, a've taken a longin'—tae lie in Drumtochty kirkyaird wi' ma mither an' Grannie.

"A' ken it's a notion, but a' dinna like thae cemeteries wi' their gravel roadies, an' their big monuments, an' the croods o' careless fouk, an' the hooses pressin' on them frae every side."

"A' promised, Janet," broke in Jamie, "that a' wud bring ye hame, an' a'll keep ma word, Lily; gin it be God's wull tae tak yir soul tae himsel, yir body 'ill be laid wi' yir ain fouk," and Jamie left hurriedly.

Next morning Sir Andrew and the minister were standing by Lily's bedside, and only looked at him when he joined them.

"Jamie,—thank ye a',—ower gude tae—a servant-lass,—tell them—at hame."

Each man bade her good-bye, and the minister said certain words which shall not be written.

"Thae—weary stairs," and she breathed heavily for a time; then with a sigh of relief, "A'm comin'."

"Lily has reached the—landing," said Sir Andrew, and as they went down-stairs no man would have looked at his neighbor's face for a ransom.

"A' wrote that verra nicht tae Drumsheugh," Jamie explained to our guard between the Junction and Kildrummie; "an' a'm no sure but he'll be doon himsel wi' a neebur or twa juist tae gie Lily a respectable funeral, for she hes nae man o' her blude tae come.

"Div ye see onything, Robert?" Jamie was in a fever of anxiety; "the Kildrummie hearse stands heich

an' it sud be there, besides the mourners."

"Kildrummie platform's black," cried Robert from the footboard; "the'ill be twal gin there be a man; ye stick by ane anither weal up the wy; it's no often a servant is brocht hame for beerial; a' dinna mind a case sin the line opened."

While they went through Kildrummie, Jamie walked alone behind the hearse as chief mourner, with a jealously regulated space of three feet between him and the neighbors; but as soon as the pine woods had swallowed up the procession, he dropped behind, and was once more approachable.

"Ye've hed a time o't," said Hillocks, treating Jamie as an ordinary man again; "wha wud hae thoct this wes tae be the end o' yir London jaunt? Sall," and Hillocks felt himself unable to grapple with the situation.

"This is juist naethin'," with vague allusion to the arrival by railway and the Kildrummie hearse; "no worth mentionin' wi' the beginnin' o' the beerial at the ither end," and Jamie chose Whinnie's box, out of three offered, to brace him for descriptive narrative.

"Ye maun understand" began Jamie, knowing that he had at least four miles before it would be necessary for him to resume his position of solitary dignity, "that as sune as Lily turned ill she wes taken tae the hoose o' a great London doctor, an' Sir Andra waited on her himself; there's maybe no' anither o' his patients withoot a title; a' herd him speak o' a duchess ae day.

"When it wes a' ower, puir lassie, if they didna fecht tae py for the beerial. The minister threipit wi' me that he hed a fund at his kirk for sic objects, a sonsy man wi' a face that pit ye in mind o' hame to look at it, but a' saw through his fund; it's fearsome hoo Scotch folk 'ill lee tae cover gude deeds."

"Div ye think he wud hae py'd it oot o' his ain pocket?" interrupted Hillocks.

"Na, na, a' said tae the minister," for Hillocks was beneath notice, "ye maun lat her mistress bear the berrial'—twenty pund, as a'm on this road, she gied; 'a faithfu' servant, she's tae want for nothin';' it wes handsome, an' 'ill be maist comfortin' tae Janet.

"Ye saw the coffin for yersels," and Jamie now gave himself to details; "the London hearse hed gless sides and twa horses, then a mourning-coach wi' the minister and me; but that's the least o't. What think ye cam next?"

"Some o' the neeburs walkin' maybe," suggested Whinnie.

"Walkin'," repeated Jamie, with much bitterness, as of one who despaired of Drumtochty, and saw no use in wasting his breath; "just so; ye've hed mair rain here than in England."

"Never mind Whinnie, Jamie," intervened Drumsheugh; "we maun hae the rest o' the funeral; wes there another coach?"

"What wud ye say," and Jamie spoke with much solemnity, "tae a private kerridge, an' mair than ane? Ay, ye may look," allowing himself some freedom of recollection. "Sir Andra's was next tae the coach, wi' the blinds drawn doon, and after it an elder's frae her kirk. He heard o' Lily through the minister, an' naethin' wud sateesfy him but tae dae her sic honor as he cud.

"Gaein' roond the corners o' the streets—a' culdna help it, neeburs—a' juist took a glisk oot at the window, an' when a' saw the banker's horses wi' the silver harness, a' wushed ye hed been there; sic respect tae a Drumtochty lass.

"Ye saw the lilies on the coffin," wound up Jamie, doing his best to maintain a chastened tone. "Did ye catch the writin'—

*'In remembrance of Lily Grant,
Who did her duty.'*

Sir Andra's ain hand; an' Lily got nae mair than her due."

When Jamie parted with Drumsheugh on the way home, and turned down the road to Janet's cottage, to

give her the lilies and a full account of her lassie, Drumsheugh watched him till he disappeared.

"Thirty pund wes what he drew frae the Muirtown bank oot o' his savings, for the clerk telt me himsel, an' naebody jalouses the trick. It's the cleverest thing Jamie ever did, an' ane o' the best a've seen in Drumtochty."

IAN MACLAREN.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE STORY OF STAMBOULOFF'S FALL.

IT was my fortune to reside in Sofia during the last months of the Stambouloff ministry. It was my fortune also to be in intimate relations with various personages who were either actors or interested spectators in the drama of Bulgarian politics. The fate of the Stambouloff administration, or, more correctly speaking, of its great chief—for in those days Stambouloff and his ministry were almost equivalent terms—formed the one absorbing topic of interest at the time; and, therefore, given the relations of which I speak, I was kept informed of every stage in the strange tragi-comedy which preceded the downfall of the so-called Bismarck of Bulgaria. I left Sofia on the eve of his enforced resignation. Of the events which followed I know comparatively little. As to the actual circumstances of his assassination I know nothing beyond what I have learnt from the newspaper reports, and I have not the power, even if I had the wish, to express any opinion as to the immediate causes of that atrocious crime. But I think a recital of the events which preceded the fall of the Stambouloff government may throw a certain amount of light on the personal causes which led first to the premier's deposition from his quasi-dictatorship, and ultimately to his untimely and cruel death. During the period to which I refer there happened to be no representative of the English press at Sofia. The story, therefore, of the last days of the Stambouloff régime is, I fancy, very little known to the British

public, and may, in view of subsequent events, be worth recital.

I reached Sofia a few days after the birth of the infant prince who is now the heir-apparent to the Bulgarian throne. This event, strangely enough, impaired the supremacy which Stambouloff had hitherto enjoyed, by leading to an antagonism of policy between himself and Prince Ferdinand. As the key to the whole subsequent series of events is to be found in the rupture which occurred between the prince and the premier, it is necessary to dwell somewhat at length on the starting-point of their quarrel. Up to the birth of his son and heir Prince Ferdinand had little independent hold—and, what is even more important, knew that he had no such hold—on the sympathies of his subjects. In the earlier years of his reign he labored under various disadvantages, for many of which he was not responsible. He was a foreigner, and all foreigners are unpopular in Bulgaria. He was a Catholic, and all Catholics are viewed with distrust by the Bulgarian priesthood, which forms one of the most powerful elements in the principality, as in all communities belonging to the Eastern rite. He was ignorant of the country and the language, and could only communicate with his people through his ministers. He had succeeded a singularly popular sovereign in the person of the hero of Slievnitz, and had succeeded under circumstances which through no fault of his own, were not calculated to increase his popularity; and, more than all, he was not—and never can be—the kind of personage to enlist the sympathies of the people of the Peasant State. Indeed, up to the period in question, his chief, if not his only, hold on his subjects was that he was believed to be the safeguard of their national independence, while the main ground for this belief lay in the fact that he was the nominee of Stambouloff, and was supposed to enjoy the full confidence of his nominator. With the birth of a son his position became materially altered. One of the dominant characteristics of the Bulgarian

nationality consists of a profound pride in a more or less mythical past, and a still more profound faith in a more or less problematical future. The fact that for the first time for many centuries a Bulgarian prince had been born on Bulgarian soil, bearing the name of the national hero of Bulgarian legend, seemed to the mind of the Bulgarian peasantry a certain sign and symbol of the restoration of the ancient Bulgarian empire. Residents utterly unconnected with the court declared to me that they had never witnessed such a display of enthusiasm amidst a singularly undemonstrative people as that which greeted the news of Prince Boris's birth. From that time Prince Ferdinand felt with some amount of justice that his title to the throne rested on grounds independent of Stambouloff's support and favor.

Very shortly after my arrival at Sofia I had an interview with Stambouloff at his own house. On this occasion he spoke to me very frankly, as was his wont, about his political position. He assured me that, personally, he should be very glad to retire from office, firstly on account of his health, which gave him uneasiness, secondly, on account of his private affairs, which suffered from his inability to give them the attention they required. At the time I thought these phrases were the mere commonplaces every minister in all countries and on all occasions is apt to employ when there is any talk of his resignation; but later events have caused me to think they were spoken with more sincerity than I then supposed. However, he admitted that for the time being he had no idea of quitting office. His presence at the head of affairs he considered necessary to the maintenance of Bulgarian independence, and he was willing to remain in office so long as he enjoyed the approval of the country and the confidence of the prince. So soon as one of these supports failed him, he was willing and glad to resign; but up to the present he had the country on his side, and he had every reason to believe that the prince approved of his policy. Of

course it is impossible for me to say how far the confidence thus expressed was genuine, or was assumed for a purpose. But I am inclined to think that the premier's belief in his own personal popularity was absolutely sincere. From all I could learn, I have no doubt that in so far as there is any genuine public opinion in Bulgaria, that opinion was then, and probably is still, in favor of Stambouloff's policy. A country in which the Bulgarian atrocities—atrocities, it should never be forgotten, committed in the main by Bulgarians upon Bulgarians—were a possibility cannot be judged by our English ideas. Nations amongst whom the rule of force has prevailed for centuries, do not develop a sudden love for legality or a sudden horror of oppression. Even if the stories of his detractors were true to the letter, which they certainly were not, and even if Stambouloff, when putting down all opposition, as he certainly did, with an iron hand, had disregarded not only legality, but humanity in punishing those who rebelled against his authority, his action would only have been condemned by the victims of his arbitrary rule, and would have commended itself to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. A strong ruler is not only feared, but respected, and even liked, in all Oriental countries; and Bulgaria is, and for years to come must remain, an Oriental country in sentiment. Added to this, Stambouloff was completely in sympathy with the Bulgarian people. He shared their ideas, their aspirations, their prejudices, and knew how to speak to them after their own fashion. Simple in his tastes and mode of life, accessible to everybody, good-natured and friendly to all, except to those who thwarted his will, he was an ideal ruler of a half-civilized community of small peasant farmers. The only error I think he committed in his estimate of his fellow-countrymen's feelings towards himself was that he underrated their Oriental readiness to side with the strongest, to obey servilely whoever may be in power.

I think also, though I am not equally confident as to this, that Stambouloff was sincere in his expression of confidence in Prince Ferdinand. There were many reasons why this confidence might have seemed well-merited. Not only did the prince owe his throne to the ex-regent, but the success which had attended his reign was by common consent due to his prime minister, and his prime minister alone. Stambouloff had seen too much of the world, and especially of the Bulgarian world, to believe implicitly in the potency of human gratitude, otherwise than — according to the well-known cynical definition — as a hope of favors to come. The chief ground of his reliance upon the prince's support was a conviction that he was absolutely indispensable to his royal master, and that his royal master knew him to be indispensable. The extraordinary vitality of the man, his consciousness of being, in intelligence, energy, and courage a head and shoulders above his fellows, combined with his natural *insouciance* of character, led him to underestimate his opponents. I do not think, judging from the terms he used in speaking of the prince, that he gave his Highness credit for the application with which he had mastered the Bulgarian language, and had studied Bulgarian politics, that he appreciated the umbrage which his own masterful policy and his personal manner had given to his sovereign, or that he realized the fact that Prince Ferdinand was anxious to escape from leading-strings, and to become in fact, as well as in name, the ruler of Bulgaria. The love of court pomp, pageantry, and etiquette which distinguishes Prince Ferdinand was so alien to Stambouloff's nature that it was difficult for him to imagine that a prince with whom this love seemed to be a ruling passion should also entertain any serious political ambitions.

On the occasion of my first audience the prince seemed unaccountably anxious to impress upon me, as a foreign visitor, the importance of the part he played in the government of the coun-

try. This may have been the result of the egotism which forms the dominant feature of Prince Ferdinand's character, but certainly if I had known nothing previously of the history of Bulgaria, and of the events which had occurred since the abdication of his predecessor, I should have supposed from the prince's remarks that the policy of the State had been conceived and dictated by himself with the assistance, doubtless, of his prime minister, to whose ability he paid a fitting, though by no means enthusiastic compliment. It struck me also as curious at the time that while speaking very bitterly about the personal animosity displayed by the then czar, he went out of his way to assure me of his gratitude towards Russia, and his deep sense of the services she had rendered his adopted country. The impression left on my mind by the prince was not that of a man with any great original ability, but of a man very quick in appropriating the ideas of others, possessing considerable insight into human character, especially in its lower and less worthy aspects, and capable, notwithstanding his seeming frivolousness, of pursuing his own ends with pertinacity and adroitness. The French word *malin*, for which there is no exact English equivalent, appeared to me the best description of his undoubted cleverness, and I felt convinced that if his ministers regarded him, whether for good or bad, as a *quantité négligéable* in Bulgarian politics they were committing a mistake which might be attended with serious consequences.

Looking back upon the past by the light of subsequent events I cannot doubt that at the time of which I speak the prince had already conceived the notion of getting rid of the virtual tutelage in which he was kept by Stambouloff. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the prince had already foreseen the possibility of contingencies arising under which the interests of himself and his dynasty might prove inconsistent with the retention of Stambouloff as his prime minister. At the interview to which I

refer the prince, amongst other matters, dwelt strongly upon the importance of his formal recognition by the European powers in the interest of Bulgaria and of the peace of Europe. Only a short time before Stambouloff and Grekoff, the then minister of foreign affairs, had assured me that far from desiring the recognition of the prince they had taken no steps to secure this recognition and should regard its accordance, in so far as Russia was concerned, as a national calamity. If once, they asserted, the czar agreed to accept Prince Ferdinand as the legitimate sovereign of the principality, Bulgaria would lose and not gain. The country could get on very well without recognition, while the one practical result of Russia's acknowledging her legal status would be the appointment of a Russian minister at the capital, and of Russian consuls in every town, and both legation and consulates would necessarily become centres of disaffection and intrigue against the established order of things. Naturally the ministers were anxious in speaking to me to put the best face on public affairs. But I learnt at the time, from persons more intimately acquainted with their ideas than a stranger could possibly be, that in their opinion the return of Russian representatives to Bulgaria would endanger the personal safety of all public men, who in common with themselves, were opposed to Russian intervention in the affairs of Bulgaria. This divergence of policy between the prince and the premier, two men who were hardly capable of understanding each other's point of view, was certain, sooner or later, to lead to an open rupture.

I am anxious, in what I have to say on this subject, to do justice to both sides, and therefore I think it only fair to add that Prince Ferdinand's intense desire for official recognition was not so unreasonable or so childish as it is often alleged to have been. To a man fond of state, vain of his personal position, and morbidly susceptible as to his own dignity, the constant slights and rebuffs which his non-recognition en-

tailed were more galling than they would have been to common mortals. But, apart from this, a less sensitive prince might well have considered that not only his own prospects, but those of his dynasty, were seriously imperilled by the reluctance of his ministers to take any steps to force on his recognition. There is a story told that in the latter days of the temporal power a fervent Catholic visitor to the Vatican, who observed that the pope was much depressed, tendered the remark that it must be a consolation to his Holiness to reflect that the barque of St. Peter could never make shipwreck. The answer of Pio Nino was, *La barca, no, ma il pescatore, sì*. A similar reflection must often, I think, have presented itself to Prince Ferdinand's mind. It was all very true, as his ministers assured him, that recognition or no recognition, the safety of Bulgaria was assured, but how about himself and his dynasty? So long as he was not accepted abroad by the powers as the lawful sovereign of Bulgaria, it was always possible, or even probable, that his deposition might be demanded as an essential condition of any settlement; and if such a demand were made he was too shrewd a man to imagine that his loyal subjects would hesitate about throwing him over, supposing it suited their interests.

Given the character of Prince Ferdinand, it is probable enough that the manifest reluctance of his ministers to press for his recognition may have excited suspicions in his mind that they were really intriguing against himself and his dynasty. It is certain that there were persons about the court who were ready to suggest this suspicion to him, even if it had not already presented itself to his mind. He was assured from many quarters, from some honestly, from others with deliberate deceit, that Stambouloff's personality and Stambouloff's anti-Russian policy were the real obstacles to his recognition; that if he could only get rid of Stambouloff in such a manner as to gratify Russian susceptibilities, the czar would withdraw all personal oppo-

sition, and that then his own recognition as sovereign of Bulgaria would follow as a matter of course. These assurances were too much in accordance with his personal ambitions and prejudices not to meet with ready acceptance. Thus, if I am right, the resolution of Ferdinand to part company with Stambouloff was formed upon—and largely in consequence of—the birth of Prince Boris, and the resolution thus formed was carried out with a persistency and power of dissimulation for which the prince's ministers were not prepared.

The birth of the infant prince was followed by the long and alarming illness of his mother, the princess Marie of Parma. The death of his wife at this crisis would have materially impaired the prince's hold on the Bulgarian people. So long, therefore, as her recovery seemed doubtful, no active steps could be taken towards forcing on a ministerial crisis. Moreover, personal anxiety as to his wife's health doubtless occupied Prince Ferdinand's mind to the exclusion of other cares. Be this as it may, during the weeks which followed the princess's confinement Ferdinand held studiously aloof from all public affairs. He interfered very little, if at all, with his ministers, and they often found it difficult to obtain interviews with him on formal matters of business for which his signature was required. At last, towards the middle of March, the princess was sufficiently recovered to be removed from Sofia, and in accordance with the doctor's advice it was determined to take her to the neighborhood of Vienna. She was accompanied by her husband, and in his absence Stambouloff, as usual, was appointed regent.

At this time the Bulgarian government was confronted by a very embarrassing controversy, which might easily have led, and indeed was expected to lead, to a ministerial crisis. Without any apparent reason or motive, the sultan had suddenly issued a decree to the effect that the Bulgarian schools in Macedonia must be placed under the ownership of some specified person,

not under that of any corporation or community. It would take far too long to enter into the rights and wrongs of this vexed question. It is enough to say that with or without justice, this decree was regarded as a deliberate attack on the Bulgarian nationality. The Macedonian question is not in reality a struggle on the part of the Christian population to get rid of the rule of Islam, but a conflict between the Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian nationalities in Macedonia, as to which of them shall establish its claim to the reversion of Macedonia, when, as may happen at any time, it is emancipated from Turkish domination. The schools under the old system were in the hands of the Bulgarian clergy, and were admittedly employed as agencies for strengthening, extending, and consolidating the Bulgarian nationality movement in Macedonia. The decree to which I allude was believed to have been issued at the request of the Greeks of the Phanar, supported, as usual, by Russian influence, and its supposed object was to favor the Greek nationality in Macedonia, to the detriment of the Bulgarian. In consequence there was a general outcry throughout the principality, calling on the government to intervene actively on behalf of the Macedonian Bulgarians, even if this intervention should lead to an open rupture with the suzerain power.

This popular outcry placed the then ministry in a position of extreme difficulty. The whole policy of Stambouloff was based upon the necessity of maintaining friendly relations with Turkey, as a guarantee against Russian aggression; but friendly relations were an impossibility unless the obnoxious decree was repealed. In Bulgaria, as in all other Christian provinces of the Ottoman Empire, it is extremely difficult, especially for a foreigner, to say how far any agitation against Turkey is real or fictitious, a home product or an artificial movement of foreign growth. All I can say is that there was in Bulgaria, during the spring of last year, all the outward indications of a strong popular agitation. Public

meetings were held in all the large towns; resolutions were passed protesting against the alleged persecution of the Macedonian Bulgarians; subscriptions were raised — or, at any rate, promised — on their behalf; bands of volunteers were enlisted; and in the papers, especially in those of the Opposition, the government was called upon to mass troops upon the Macedonian frontier, so as to be ready to invade the province in case Turkey should persist in upholding the school decree. I cannot doubt that this agitation, though I believe it to have been based upon a genuine national sentiment, was also stimulated by Stambouloff's political and personal opponents.

The expectations of Stambouloff's fall on the Macedonian school question, which were confidently entertained at the time, especially in court circles, were defeated by the ability of the premier. I believe, if the true history of this curious episode is ever made known, it will be found that Stambouloff encouraged the agitation till it had reached dimensions which enabled him to intimate to the sultan that he could not undertake to keep the movement for intervention under control, unless concessions were made at Constantinople. In his representations to the Porte he was, as he himself assured me, warmly supported by Sir Philip Currie, who had only just entered on his post of British ambassador at Stamboul. The sultan grew frightened at the storm he had raised, and resolved to give way. Not only was the decree which had given such umbrage withdrawn, but permission was granted to establish two Greek Bulgarian bishoprics in Macedonia, thereby giving increased authority to the Bulgarian clergy, and increased encouragement to the Bulgarian nationality propaganda. In fact, Stambouloff, instead of being defeated had triumphed all along the line, as the champion and vindicator of Bulgarian rights in Macedonia. Mass meetings were held in his honor; and, in the speech which he delivered at Sofia to a torchlight procession, he declared that the interests of Bulgaria

would be best promoted by cordial and loyal co-operation with the suzerain power. As I write I can hear once more the cheers in response to this declaration — cheers which were given by the mob within a few steps of the very spot where little more than a year later the speaker was literally hacked to death.

It may render the course of events more intelligible to state here that the arrangement with the sultan was concluded in Prince Ferdinand's absence, and without his direct sanction. The prince at that time was with his wife at Ebenthal, near Vienna. The reason why, according to Stambouloff's statement, the arrangement was not submitted to him, before its formal ratification, was as follows: The arrangement had to be accepted at once if at all. In all negotiations with the Ottoman government, especially under a sultan so capricious and so irresolute as Abdul Hamid, delays are dangerous. Every hour which intervened between his Majesty's offer and its acceptance increased the risk of influences hostile to Bulgaria being brought into play at Constantinople to upset the conclusion of the compact. The arrangement was not one which could be safely communicated by telegraph, and to have sent a messenger to the prince must have necessitated a delay of at least a couple of days. The arrangement was so manifestly advantageous to Bulgaria that it was impossible to suppose the prince would object to its conclusion; and, therefore, Stambouloff took upon himself, as regent, to accept it without previous reference to the sovereign. The explanation, whether sincere or not, seems plausible in itself. But the fact that so important an agreement had been concluded without his approval, and concluded in such a way that the whole credit of its conclusion devolved on the premier, rankled in Prince Ferdinand's mind, and later on furnished one of the chief pretexts for Stambouloff's dismissal.

The first attempt to oust Stambouloff on the Macedonian schools question, and to replace him by a minister more

acceptable to Russia, had resulted in increasing his authority. It was necessary to find some new ground of attack, and that ground was supplied by an unforeseen accident. Indeed, the only possible reason for doubting this being the result of chance lies in the fact that the accident in question occurred at a moment and in a manner which seemed especially chosen to secure the purposes of the anti-Stambouloff party. The Stambouloff ministry with the exceptions of M. Grekoff, the minister of foreign affairs, and M. Salabascheff, the minister of finance, might not unfairly be described as composed of "items." One of the least conspicuous of these items was M. Savoff, the minister of war, best known as the husband of a wife who was not only better looking than the run of Sofiote ladies, but, having been educated abroad, was also better dressed and more used to society. During the prince's absence the regent received a letter from M. Savoff tendering his resignation on the ground that he could not sit in the same council with M. Slavkoff, the minister of public works, who, as he alleged, had been unduly intimate with his wife. Stambouloff refused to accept the resignation, first, because the charge, whether true or false, seemed to rest on mere suspicion; secondly, because it was obviously undesirable to have any reconstitution of the ministry while the prince was away in Austria. Shortly afterwards Savoff changed or rather extended his charge, and accused almost all his other colleagues, and Stambouloff in particular, of having carried on intrigues with his wife. Gradually the charge narrowed into a distinct allegation that Stambouloff was the chief, if not the sole betrayer of his confidence. The common impression at Sofia was that Savoff was out of his mind. He consulted the ecclesiastical courts, about obtaining a divorce from his wife, and was assured by them that the evidence he could produce was utterly insufficient to justify an application for the cancelment of his marriage. Yet, in spite of this, he

persisted in accusing Stambouloff, and when the latter asked for evidence of the charge he retorted by challenging him to fight a duel. Indeed, towards the end his almost insane jealousy seemed to have culminated in an unreasoning desire to avenge himself on Stambouloff. The matter was placed in the hands of seconds, who unanimously decided that Savoff could show no cause whatever for demanding satisfaction from the premier. The report prevalent at Sofia was that Savoff had been made a tool of by Stambouloff's personal enemies to force the latter into a duel, in which the chances would have been decidedly on the side of his assailant.

Meanwhile the Opposition papers had taken up the charge, and attacked Stambouloff with a violence which is unintelligible to the inhabitants of more educated and civilized communities. I do not think, from what I could observe, that the standard of morality as to the relations between the sexes is at all higher in Bulgaria than it is elsewhere. But the harem view of women is still very prevalent in Bulgaria; and though a Bulgarian Benedict might commit any number of offences against his marriage vows without being the worse thought of by his fellow-countrymen, he would undoubtedly be condemned by social opinion if he had an intrigue with the wife of a friend and colleague. Anyhow, the press hostile to Stambouloff kept on declaring that a man whose moral character rested under so grave a charge could not remain the head of the government; and this crusade against the minister was vigorously supported by papers supposed to represent the views of the court.

Immediately on the prince's return to Sofia Stambouloff asked his Highness to investigate the charge against him, and at the same time gave in his written resignation, requesting the prince to use it if he saw cause to consider that the accusation, whether true or false, was supported by such evidence as to render his continuance in office undesirable in the public interest.

Savoff was called upon to assign particulars as to the places and dates of the occasions on which the alleged offence had been committed, and in reply stated two occasions on which, during his own absence from the capital, Stambouloff, as he alleged, had passed the night at Sofia with his wife. Thereupon Stambouloff was able to prove that on one of the two evenings named he had been the prince's guest at his seaside palace outside at Varna; on the second occasion he had been present at a public banquet in Philippopolis, so that the particular accusations specified by Savoff were clearly shown to be baseless. Moreover, with regard to the general charge Stambouloff, if I was rightly informed, used the same language in speaking to the prince which he employed in discussing the matter with other persons. He stated that whatever his personal character might be he was about the only individual in the country who was absolutely incapacitated from carrying on a secret intrigue. It was known to everybody that since M. Beltcheff, while walking by his side, had been assassinated by mistake for himself, he had never quitted his house without an escort of soldiers. To use his own words "one can do many things, but one cannot keep a secret assignation when accompanied by a troop of mounted soldiery." I can say from my own observation that Stambouloff never came to the club without being attended by an armed escort, though the club was not five minutes' walk from his house; that the escort remained on duty inside and outside the club as long as he stopped there; and that when there was a late sitting they slept in the passages of the building to be ready to accompany him home in the early hours of the morning.

The prince, as I heard at the time, expressed himself completely satisfied with Stambouloff's exculpation, and recommended the dismissal of Savoff as the best solution of the imbroglio. The premier agreed to act upon the advice, and considered the matter was now at an end. But whether by acci-

dent or otherwise, his Highness did not return the letter in which Stambouloff had tendered his resignation. It so happened that I had an appointment with Prince Ferdinand very shortly after his interview with Stambouloff. Two things struck me at the time. The first was that he utterly ignored some casual remark made in the course of our conversation about the ability of the premier, a subject on which previously he lost no opportunity of dilating. The second was that he dwelt with extreme bitterness on a statement which had appeared in a London paper to the effect that he had been refused permission to attend the family conclave at Coburg in honor of the Princess Alix's betrothal to the then czarewitch. The prince after a long absence had only recently returned to Sofia, and there was no idea that his return was only temporary. There was no reason whatever why he should have informed me of his intended movements, but certainly his tone of conversation conveyed to me the impression that he had returned to his capital for good. On the morning after my reception I learnt to my surprise that the prince had quitted Sofia to rejoin his wife at Ebenthal. On mentioning this news to one of the chief members of the corps diplomatique at Sofia, he assured me I must be mistaken, as an hour or two before Stambouloff had made an appointment for him to call upon the prince in the course of the day. It turned out, however, that the news was correct, and the only interpretation I can offer is that the prince had quitted Sofia without letting his ministers know till after his departure was an accomplished fact. It is supposed at the time that this hasty journey was due to the receipt of alarming news about the health of the princess, but in as far as I could learn later, no such intelligence had been received.

I may also here call attention to another incident, which shows how the desire to seek reconciliation with Russia at any price had impressed itself on Prince Ferdinand's mind. Some

months before, the metropolitan, Archbishop Clement, had preached a sermon in the cathedral of Tirnova, in which he had attacked the prince in the most violent terms. For this sermon he was indicted for using treasonable language, and was sentenced by the civil tribunals to a period of imprisonment, though in consideration of his exalted office he was allowed to serve his term of imprisonment in a monastery. An appeal was made against this sentence on the ground that the metropolitan's offence, if committed at all, was committed in his capacity as a priest, and must, therefore, be judged by the Synod of the Church, not by the civil tribunal. The appeal finally came last spring before the Supreme Court at Sofia, and was dismissed by that on the ground that treasonable language was equally an offence against the civil power, whether it was committed by a layman or by a priest. Within a short time of the appeal being dismissed, Archbishop Clement was pardoned, at, I have reason to believe, the direct instance of Prince Ferdinand. It is this Clement who has recently been to Russia as the leader of the Russophil party, and who is now spoken of as the future prime minister of the prince.

Without laying any undue stress on these incidents, I think there can be no reasonable doubt that Prince Ferdinand had made up his mind to get rid of Stambouloff as soon as he could find a decent excuse for doing so, and that he had so determined because he believed or had been led to believe that by so doing he would remove the chief obstacle to his recognition by Russia, as a prince *de jure* as well as *de facto*. My impression is, that Stambouloff considered the whole matter at an end. The friend to whom he narrated the conversation I have recited above, and who repeated its purport to me a few hours later, told me that he had asked Stambouloff whether the letter tendering his resignation had been returned. "No," Stambouloff answered, "I never thought of asking for it, but the letter is of no consequence now as the

prince and I quite understand each other."

I quitted Bulgaria within a few days of the interview to which I have referred. Very shortly before I left I met Stambouloff at the Union Club in Sofia. He was in high spirits about the success of his negotiations with the Porte and spoke very cordially of the assistance he had received from the British representatives in Turkey in bringing the sultan to reason. Owing to the absence of the prince, the Easter holidays, and the removal of all immediate political difficulties, there was very little doing at this period at the public offices; and day after day I used to see Stambouloff driving out into the country, on the shooting expeditions to which he was passionately devoted, and at which he was usually accompanied by some of his fellow-ministers, and invariably escorted by a troop of mounted soldiers.

After I had left, I can only speak as to the course of events from the reports of the newspapers and from letters I received from friends at Sofia, who were in a position to know what was passing. I gather that the attacks upon Stambouloff in the papers which were understood to be the organs of the court were not only continued but displayed increased animosity. The relations between the prince and the premier became more and more strained, and within a month of my quitting Sofia, his Highness suddenly announced that he had accepted Stambouloff's resignation, which he held in his hands, and had instructed M. Stoiloff to form a ministry. Stambouloff was, I believe, taken by surprise. As the prince held his letter of resignation, he could not make a formal grievance of his dismissal; nor, I gather, was he inclined to do so. It was the firm conviction, not only of himself but of his friends, that no government was possible in the face of his opposition, and that the ultimate upshot of the crisis which Prince Ferdinand had brought about must be his own early return to office with renewed and increased authority.

Unfortunately all these calculations were based on the supposition that the ex-premier would be allowed a free field of political action. I do not suppose, or still less suggest, that when Stambouloff was thrown overboard either the prince or his new ministers contemplated the necessity of resorting to violent measures in order to hinder the deposed minister from fighting his way back to power. All I surmise is that as they began to realize the chances of Stambouloff's return to office they began to realize also the necessity of clipping his wings. One step led to another.

The personal and political enemies of Stambouloff were not satisfied with his downfall, but clamored for his disgrace and punishment; and both the prince and his ministers, though they must have known that the charges brought against the ex-premier were false, still acquiesced in these charges being brought, as they conceived that by so acquiescing they might ensure their own safety. Stambouloff, it must justly be admitted, damaged his own case by his invectives against Prince Ferdinand. His own administration, it must also be owned, had furnished examples of high-handed and arbitrary action, which his assailants could plead in defence of the treatment they dealt out to their defeated antagonist. *Væ victis* is the motto of all Oriental government; and Bulgaria in her instincts, her ideas, and her traditions has still much of the Oriental character. There is an Arab proverb, that the wise man dances before the monkey as long as he rides on horseback. If you add to this proverb the corollary that the wise man kicks the monkey as soon as he is thrown off horseback, you have a compendium of all Oriental statecraft. I do not, therefore, consider that the Bulgarian ministers or the Bulgarian people ought to be judged by a Western standard for their conduct towards the statesman to whom the principality owes its independence.

A similar excuse, however, can hardly be pleaded in mitigation of Prince Ferdinand's behavior towards

the minister to whom he was so deeply indebted. To assert that his Highness instigated or even contemplated the persecution to which Stambouloff fell a victim, would be an act of injustice. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that Prince Ferdinand tacitly sanctioned a persecution which he must have known was cruel and unjust, and which he ought to have known might be attended with fatal consequences to its victim. The explanation of his conduct is, I believe, to be found in the fact that he was led to believe by the Russophil party in Bulgaria, which was mainly composed of Stambouloff's personal enemies, that to sever himself from Stambouloff was the essential condition of his recognition by the czar. He stood aside, therefore, when Stambouloff implored his intercession to save him from his enemies. This refusal to risk his own prospects of reconciliation with St. Petersburg, in order to save the minister who had served him so faithfully and so long, was, according to the well-known saying, "worse than a crime, a blunder;" and for blunders of this kind there is no place left for repentance.

EDWARD DICEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE OLD ONE-HORNED STAG.

HE was dropped, as we reckon, early in the month of June, about the year 1874, probably in some quiet retreat under the oak coppice of Horner Wood, or it may have been in some shadycombe full of grass and fern on Brendon Common. Who shall presume, unless by rare chance he may have assisted at the ceremony, to name the day and place of birth of a wild red deer? Yet if the knowledge of the ways of deer be not vain, and all experience of teeth and head and slot be not at fault, our conjecture will not lead us very far from the truth. So he came into the world a downy-haired, white-spotted little red-deer calf, with four rather long legs and two rather large ears, and looked about him with

two great beautiful eyes, and saw his heritage of Exmoor before him, fold upon fold of grass and heather with the shadows of the clouds coursing over it, bounded on the one hand by the blue sky and on the other by the blue sea. A peaceful, happy world it must have seemed to him in those early months, singularly full for the moment of heedless young creatures like himself. Now he would see an old vixen with her cubs around her playing merrily, as only fox-cubs can play, and hunting distracted beetles among the stones; now a sober old grey hen, much cumbered with the cares of maternity, watching anxiously over her brood of little poults; now a bloodthirsty old weasel with two couple of young weasels behind her, all hurrying forward with little short legs and long, lithe bodies on the line of some hapless rabbit, and speaking joyfully to the scent as they ran. Sometimes, when walking leisurely among the burning stones on the sunny combe side, his dam would stop and swerve and stamp, and lay back her ears and look fierce, and he would see the old mother viper open her hideous wicked jaws, and the little vipers rush down her throat to their haven of refuge. Nay, even when she took him with her to the brown peat stream the trout-fry dashed away from the shallows before him, and he could watch them scurrying from stone to stone, half in fright and half in play. For all the world was young in those days, and all the young, except the trout, seemed to have a kind mother to look after them.

So passed the long, bright midsummer days. The sun came up over Dunkery, and the light flew away on the wings of the morning along the Severn Sea to the Atlantic, and the warm wind sang through the waving grass and the stiff stubborn heather, and made the music of the moor. And the calf grew and waxed strouger and began to see others of his kind, other hinds like his own loving dam, with other calves like unto himself. And with these calves he could play, frisking and gambolling and pretending to

fight; nor could he fail to note that some would submit to him at once, while others would butt and push and worry with great enjoyment. Now and again he would see a huge old stag, his head half grown and the velvet black with flies, stamping and twitching and wincing under his tiny tormentors, in piteous anxiety for the safety of the young, tender horn. And our calf, too, whisked his little ears and tossed his little head with great dignity, and stretched himself lazily when he rose from his bed as he had seen the old stags do; for he, too, meant to grow into a great stag one day, and it is always good to be of the male sex. Then his attention would be distracted by a shrill whistle overhead, and he would be aware of a pair of curlews sailing high in air, with their long bills cut clear against the blue sky, reminding him of the herons that he had seen in Badgworthy Water. Then another bird would cross his view, a little speck with wings that fluttered and paused and fluttered and paused; and he wondered why the old grey hen, with whom he had been on most friendly terms, now cut him dead, having no eyes but for the speck above her, while the poults hid themselves away in abject terror.

One day he was startled from his play by an unusually sharp bleat from his mother, who came galloping in haste to meet him, and kept watching a mass of something white that was moving over the heather across the combe a mile away. Never had he seen her so much disturbed; and he felt uneasy too, though he hardly knew why, and as they moved upward towards them his nostrils caught a new strange scent which some instinct within him bade him take note of. The mass kept closely and compactly together until it reached the spot where he remembered to have passed in the morning, and then he saw a man on a horse gallop forward, and faintly heard a shrill yelp that made his dam quiver all over. She was doubly thoughtful and affectionate for the rest of the day, and that night they travelled further

than they had ever travelled yet, away to the south and west, and found a resting-place where few even of their own kind ever visited them. But there were thoughtful heads among the moving white mass of hounds also. Fisherman and Reveller and Nemesis and other grey-muzzled veterans were rejoicing that those tiresome, idiotic puppies had at last learned to follow the pack without being coupled to them; and Chorister, still smarting under the lash, was bewailing his hard lot and wondering why, now that he was entering upon his second season, he could not be allowed a free hand. He had been hunting hinds strenuously all the winter; why should he now be punished for feathering on the stale line of a hind and calf?

So the summer wore on, and August came in with bursts of westerly wind and mist and rain. And the water sank rustling into the turf and dripped from the ragged edges of the peat basin in a rich brown clear stream. The trout felt it and rejoiced, and the salmon rushed up from the sea into the Lyn; but the hind and her calf rested peacefully in the shade of the oak coppice, and when they moved he watched her rear up to pluck some dainty piece of ivy or the red berries of the mountain-ash, and nuzzled at the fragments between her lips and pretended to enjoy them immensely. But one fine day, very early in the morning, just when they were settling down to be comfortable for the day, there came the sound of many hounds raising a terrible clamor, and they rose and moved up from the covert to the open. And after a time out came one of the fox-cubs that they had known on the moor, his tongue lolling and his back crooked, as though he began to tire. He went up as if he would have gone away over the moor, but presently stopped and flounced back with desperation into the covert; and the hind trotted gently away, anxious but not alarmed. "They are not after us, my son," she gave the calf to understand; and presently out came the hounds furiously on the line of the cub and

flashed over the scent for fifty yards. Then the clamor died away and they spread out in all directions; and two wild puppies, catching the line of the hind and calf, lifted up their voices and began to run on. The rest had cast back, and, recovering the line of the cub, disappeared with a chorus into the oak coppice; but the two puppies, rejoicing in a stronger scent, ran on, and hind and calf fled before them. The calf's poor little legs were beginning to weary when he found himself poked down quick as thought into a tuft of fern by his dam's nose. "Lie there, my son, till I come back to you," was her order; and there he lay, helpless and alone.

Closer and closer came the puppies, loudly throwing their foolish tongues, and thinking themselves immensely clever; but they missed his hiding-place and passed beyond him, though he did not know that his dam had waited for them on purpose to lead them after herself. Presently came the brushing of a horse's hoofs through the heather, and a mounted man galloped almost on to the top of him. He saw the horse swerve and heard the man's exclamation of surprise, but he lay still as he had been bidden. Then the dull drum of hoofs died away, and after a time a melancholy yelping, such as he had once heard before, was borne to his ears, and he again perceived the approach of horses. Then there was a noise of human voices. "Where did you say she had left her calf, Tom?" "Straight afore you, sir, about ten landyard on, where you see the veearn." Then two horses came closer, and a girl's voice said: "What a little duck! I wish I could take him home." And a man's voice answered: "His mother will come and take him home presently, and the sooner we are gone the better she will be pleased." So the girl took a last regretful look, and they rode down into the covert; and in the silence that followed he heard a roar of baying, and the shrill notes of a horn and hallooing from the valley, but he did not know that it meant that the cub was dead,

and that the man who had so nearly galloped on to him was even then fastening the ghastly mask to his saddle.

Before very long, though it seemed very long to him, his dam came back and rejoiced over him. She was dripping all over, having taken a good bath at the end of her run; and she led him quietly off for a little way over the heather, and then down a steep hillside among stunted gorse and hot, loose stones. "No scent here, my son," was the lesson that she wished to teach, and he learned it once for all. Then, when they reached the water at the foot of the hill, she led him down the shallow for a little way, and jumped out on to the bank and followed it for a few yards; and then she jumped in again and went up stream till they came to a comfortable, shady spot; and there they left the water and lay down together. On that night they did not return to their former place, but travelled till they came to the cliffs overhanging the sea, and made their home in the coverts there. But the place that they liked best was a large plantation of Scotch firs, so closely cropped by the wind and the salt that they ran along the ground almost like ivy.

One morning late in September, long after they had settled down for the day, they heard continuous and increasing trampling of hoofs on the road half a mile above them, and a great chattering of human voices. It lasted for a long time, but they lay quite still, though the hind was evidently uneasy. Then they heard hounds speak in the covert below them, and there was a shrill halloo and much blowing of horns; and presently there was a great clatter of branches close to them, and up came a huge old stag with his mouth wide open and his head thrown back. He jerked his head impatiently forward, as if to say "Be off at once," and the hind jumped up in terror and the calf after her; and as they went they saw the old stag lie down in their place with his horns thrown back on his shoulders and his chin tight against the ground. But they had no time to lose, for the hounds were coming

closer, and presently the hind led the calf on to a path, for his little legs could not keep up with hers in the tangle of the plantation, and there they ran on till they heard a horse trotting down the path towards them. Then they turned into the covert and lay down; but the man hastened on along the path, looking hard at the ground, and meeting the hounds stopped them at once. "What is it, Arthur?" said a man's voice. "Hind and calf, sir," said the man who had stopped the hounds, and then he blew a note on his horn and went away with the hounds, just three couple of them, at his heels.

"Hind and calf?" said a girl's voice, the same that they had once heard before; "I thought we were hunting a stag. We certainly found one." "Just so," answered the man, whose voice also was not strange; "but the stag has turned up the hind and calf to be hunted instead of him." "Do they often do that?" said the girl. "It's the commonest of all their tricks, as you'll know when you have hunted them a little longer. They will turn out any deer that is weaker than themselves to take their place." "And a hind is always weaker, I suppose?" continued the girl. "Naturally, for she is only about three-quarters of the size of a big stag." "Dear me," said the girl, "then the stags make the hinds do all their dirty work for them. I really had thought better of them. Stags are very like men, it seems," she added with a little sigh. "Yes, they are incomparably superior to the hinds," said the man gravely. "More strength, more beauty, and more brains." "I don't —" began the girl hotly, but the man held up his hand and said, "Hark! what have they found now?" Then the cry of hounds rose up again, and presently a hornless deer passed close to them, flying like an arrow from the bow. "There!" said the girl triumphantly, "that was a hind. Do you mean to tell me that she is not twice as handsome and graceful as a heavy, lumbering old stag?" "Far more graceful,

no doubt," said the man dryly ; " but it happened to be a young male deer, as you might have judged by his neck and action, and I am going to stop the tufters from him," and he drew up his reins in his hand, for he had dismounted. " He's much nicer than the old stag, anyhow," persisted the girl, with a touch of temper. " Stags cannot be very like men," said the man bitterly, as he swung himself into the saddle, " if the young ones are much nicer than the old ; but hinds are very like women, for it is well known that they prefer the old ones." And he looked at her rather sadly for a moment, before starting off abruptly at a gallop. " But I don't," said the girl, stretching out her hand as if to stop him. " I don't," she repeated, galloping after him at the top of her horse's speed ; and the voices died away.

But the hind and the calf lay still though they could hear men and hounds still wandering through the great covert, hunting for their lost stag. Then after a time there was another loud halloo which told them that he was afoot again, and when another half-hour was past there was a great clamor in the road above them, and all the horses seemed to be galloping to one spot. Then the hubbub died away and all was silent ; the old stag had been forced into the open at last, and was flying for his life over the heather. And presently the hind rose and led the calf out of the covert and on to the open moor, and, when they had crossed one valley and reached the top of the hill above, they could see a long line of horses, covering two or three miles, hastening on with what speed they could muster in the vain hope of catching the hounds. There they lay down in peace for two hours, and as the sun began to sink they saw the hounds, far away, returning quietly home ; and very weary the horses that were with them seemed to be. Then they heard voices much closer to them, and the hind started to her feet. It was the man and the girl that they had seen in the morning ; they were riding quite alone

and very close together, and they seemed to have a great deal to say to each other. The pair drew nearer, and they heard the girl say : " He's not so very old, and you'll admit that he's very nice ; but how you can have thought that I really cared for him — " And the man looked about him, rather foolishly but very happy apparently, and changed the conversation by saying, " Look ! there's a hind and calf." And she said, " I believe you are a great deal fonder of the deer than you are of me ; " and so they passed on. And later on came a loose horse, all covered with mire, with one stirrup missing from his saddle. And first he went down to the water to drink, and then he lay down and rolled over and over till the girths parted with a crack and left the saddle on the ground ; then he got up, hung up one hind leg in the rein and kicked himself free, and then he lay down once more and rubbed his cheeks against the heather till he had forced the bridle off his head, and at last, apparently quite comfortable, he began to graze. And some time after him came a man, also covered all over with mire, tramping wearily through the heather in breeches and boots, with his spurs in his hand ; and he stumbled over a tussock of grass and nearly fell on his nose. And they heard him curse the moor as a place abandoned of Providence and wish that he had never set eyes on it ; and then he, too, passed on, and so closed an eventful day.

After another week or so, as October came in, the stillness of the night was broken by hideous roars, at first in a few places only, but soon from all sides, and all the deer in the forest seemed to be incurably restless. The great stags seemed never to cease belling except when they were cooling themselves in the water or taking a mud bath, and if two of them met they fought furiously. Their necks were swelled and their bodies tucked up, so that they looked very different from the sleek, fat creatures that had been seen in the coverts in the summer. And one would form a little band of

hinds to himself and drive them about like sheep, and another, perhaps some impudent three-year-old, would try to steal one of them away till the old stag came down upon him in all his wrath and drove him to fly for his life. The calf felt very much afraid of the old stags at this time, but his mother took care to keep him out of their way. After two or three weeks of this troubled life, the deer seemed to agree to live in peace again, and they drew together in great herds, so that sometimes there would be two or three score of them on Dunkery alone.

And now the autumn gales set in and blew furiously from the Atlantic over the moor; and the calf grew stronger and stronger, and noted with pride that the white spots which had dotted his summer coat had disappeared, and that he was now a veritable red deer. Week after week he lay with his dam in the warm sheltered combs of Dunkery, and listened to the gale hunting the scud overhead, and the water roaring down from the bog to the sea. On very rough days there was always plenty of company in these combs, for a fox would often come in and make himself comfortable therein, and occasionally a hare, and all seemed to be equally fond of the place. But there was little rest, for the hounds ran over Dunkery from all parts of the moor regularly week after week, and many a time the hind and calf were forced to fly before them, sometimes alone and sometimes with others. And they had narrow escapes, too, for they were hard pressed more than once, and at last in January there came a day when they were forced to part from each other, and run their own ways. Worse than that, the pack divided after them, and some of the old hounds, knowing that a calf was more easily tired than a hind, chased him their hardest. He ran gallantly for more than half an hour in and about the large wooded valleys, but the scent was good and the pace so great that he dared not pause for a drink and a splash in the water; and though he beat up one little stream for a few yards he soon

left it, for he heard the hounds close to him. Then he made a final effort, and climbing up one hillside and down another, sank the hill to the water below and lay down in despair. But chance was kind to him; for just as the hounds were casting down the water after him, a man viewed him in the stream, and the hounds were stopped and laid on to another line.

Then the men came back and stood over him, and one said: "The pack is all over the place; hadn't we better stow the little beggar away somewhere, or they'll kill him yet?" And the other said, "Hold my horse, and I'll go in after him." And he did go in after him, but the calf was not so beat but that he scrambled up and made his escape down the water and into a hedge-trough, where he lay like a stone. All that day hounds were running round and round the great woods, and deer after deer, stags and hinds, came down the same water with a few hounds after them, until at last, as it grew dark, a tired man on a tired horse rode slowly up the valley blowing long notes on a horn and picking up couple after couple of the weary pack. But when night came on there was still a stray puppy mooning up and down the valley, howling dismally from time to time that he was lost and did not know his way home, until at length he licked himself dry, and came sniffing along the hedge-trough where the calf lay to look for a warm bed. And when he reached the calf he just stepped down and curled up alongside him; and the two kept each other warm for the night.¹

Next day his dam found him, and she too seemed stiff and tired as though she had travelled far and fast on the previous day. They ran together many times before the hounds ere the hunting-season ceased; but all things come to an end, and at last, in March, the coverts were quiet and they could enjoy a peaceful life once more. Then the sun gathered strength and the thorns began to sprout and the

¹ This is a literal fact; the two were found in the position described.

mountain-ash to flower, and the woods were carpeted with wild hyacinth and primrose; and a little later the ash-boughs, laid along the hedgerows round the skirt of the moor, began to throw out buds, and every young male deer came to eat them, greedy for the delicacy. The calf saw some new sights also that spring, the grey hens in the centre of the ring, and the black-cock dancing solemnly round them to show what desirable mates they were. And at the last he felt a new sensation, a pain in his forehead, which became remarkably tender in one spot, and eventually threw out a single little knob of dark grey velvet on the near side. All the other yearlings that he saw had two, and he felt himself ill-used in having but one; but there the matter was, and not to be helped.

He still remained with his dam through that summer, and as she had no calf that year he had her still to himself; and by the time the winter was come he felt strong enough to lead the hounds a long dance before they should run up to him. But the day at last came when they were parted forever. It was a mild grey November morning, and they were lying with half-a-dozen more of the herd in some dry grass tufts in the boggy ground of Brendon Common, when the hounds came up to find them, and two couple of tufters catching view raced after them as he had never known them race before. He went away in company with his dam and kept to her for two miles or more, though a man who was waiting for them tried hard to gallop in between them; but at last the hounds drove them so hard that they lost all thought of each other and turned away in different directions. He galloped like the wind by the way that she had showed him towards the cliffs, and, when he came to the water, ran down and up as she had taught him; but he dared not linger long, and climbing up with all haste to the covert, startling the woodcocks out of their day-dreams, never paused till he reached the stunted oaks above the sea. Then he stopped, and, finding all quiet, en-

joyed a drink and a splash in a little stream, and lay down determined to go straight to the sea if he were troubled again. But the hind made for Dunkery, and soon the whole pack was after her, flying at the top of their speed. She found four stags together at the hill, but they drove her away, and she toiled on alone, black with sweat; then her beautiful neck began to droop and her feet to falter, and presently she sank the hill for Horner Water, which she never left again alive. But the yearling knew nothing of all this; he knew only that he never saw her again, and he did not care, for now he had grown a horn and could take care of himself.

Then another spring came round, and the little horn on his forehead dropped off; it was rather painful, but the pain was soon over; and in its stead there grew up a slender spire with two points, brow and trey, upon it. A great to-do he made when the horn was full grown and the time came for fraying off the velvet; he chose a young ash-tree, and went round and round it rubbing and burnishing till he fairly cut all the bark off, and left the tree to die. But it was a great disadvantage to have but one horn, for all the deer that had two made a point of bullying him whenever they met him. They turned him out and made him run for them again and again, and in October, when he thought of choosing a wife, they drove him off with ease. Next year things were just the same. He was too young to be hunted, but he was constantly obliged to run for others, until at last he grew so cunning, in baffling the hounds and in hiding himself from other deer, that it was a hard matter for either to find him. When October came he did not stay long to fight with the others, but stole away a single hind from the herd as his companion, and took her away to the distant covert where he had lived as a calf. Still regularly as October came round he went back to Dunkery for the winter and joined the herd there.

And as the years passed on he grew

into a great stag. He never bore more than a single horn, and that never very big nor heavy, but he was none the less a fine deer and could hold his own with the young ones at any rate. He was cunning too, and could hide himself away so that no hound could find him, in odd edges in the cliff, or in some patch of gorse so thick that no hound would face it. And he never walked into his lair, but stood at a distance and hurled himself into it with one great bound so as to leave no scent behind him, and lay like a stone. So for season after season he escaped all trouble from the hounds. And as time went on he discovered how to take advantage of his one horn; for one day when he was shoving head to head with all his might against another stag, he slipped aside and gave his enemy such a thrust in the flank that the other was glad to run away limping and bleeding and fairly beat. And then he threw up his head and belled loudly in triumph.

It was not until he was fully eight years old that he found the pack after him again. It was in October, the last day of the season, that they found him, and a long chase he led them. For, starting from the foot of Dunkery he made straight for the distant home of his calfhood, fourteen miles away. The hounds did not get away very close to him, and he felt as if he could run on forever, old as he was. So away he went over grass and heather eight miles, before he dreamed of touching the water, and, rising up refreshed after a short bath, cantered on in the teeth of the westerly breeze confident as ever. As he went he caught the wind of a herd of hinds lying on the common, and ran straight into the middle of them; and up they rose, hinds with calves in terrible alarm, wondering what was going to happen. Then the hounds came up to them and scattered in all directions after the hinds, while he went on chuckling to himself, and having reached his refuge lay in the water till he felt quite cool and fresh, and curled up for the night as comfortable as could be.

Another year passed; October came again, and again he was in Dunkery among the herd. He went down to the fields to feed, and came back to a little brake on the hillside, a favorite place with all deer, and known as Sweetworthy, the sweet meadow; he walked quietly up to a patch of gorse, jumped into the middle of it and lay down to sleep. Nor was he conscious of the presence, a little before dawn, of a man who came creeping up to windward of him and noted the slot of his great feet leading into the brake but not out of it. The hounds came to Cloutsham, straight across the valley from him, at eleven o'clock, and a number of people to meet them, for it was the last day of the stag-hunting season. And the man who had crept round the brake went apart with the master, and said very quietly: "In Sweetworthy, my lord—a good stag. I'm so sure that I would make a bet to find him myself." And the other said, "That's good, Miles." And presently the pair of them rode across the valley with the huntsman and two couple of hounds.

The one-horned stag heard them coming, but he only lay the closer. The hounds were laid on to the line by which he had passed five or six hours before and hunted it slowly towards him, nearer, nearer, till at last they came right up to his bed, and bayed with fierce triumph as he jumped up before them. He made three bounds through the gorse thicket and came right upon a man who yelled *tally-ho!* in his face and blew his horn so fiercely that he waited no longer but dashed down the steep wooded combe and over Cloutsham Ball to the valley that leads to the forest. And as he reached the bottom he heard the whole pack upon his trail and knew that the worst had come. Two miles he galloped straight up the valley to its head, the hounds flying after him and a hundred horsemen in their wake, and then he climbed gallantly up the head of the combe, topped the bank above it, and pointed straight over the open moor for the distant home of his calfhood.

He felt the cool wind in his face and ran gallantly on ; but the hounds were close behind him, and he could gain little on them. On and on he galloped, not daring to linger to soil in the cool brown stream till he left the heather for the grass of the forest. Then for the first time he ran up the small thread of water, but he had been in it only a very few minutes when the hounds came over the hill, and he knew that he must fly once more. On they came to the water without faltering — there were not a dozen horsemen with them now — flung down to the water and cast themselves upward. Then at last their pace slackened for a moment, but presently Telegram ran slowly up the bank, holding the line truly though it was still weak from water, and Foreman pressed forward to hold it with him. And then they opened their mouths and spoke, and the one-horned stag heard them, and his heart died within him.

Still he toiled gallantly on over the yellow grass of the North Forest, breasting the long ascent to southward that lay between him and his refuge. Could he only reach the top, he would be able to hold his own yet ; but struggle as he might the hounds gained on him, till just short of the top he turned back in despair, for they were hardly out of view. Wheeling on the line like a squadron of drilled horse, they raced down the slope as they had raced up it ; and the old hounds came bounding to the front, for they knew that the end was at hand. Two miles they raced to the water at the bottom, and there the deer stood before them. Then they raised an exulting cry, and with one rush they swept him off his legs, and his head sank down below the water ; but before they could harm him further the knife did its work, and the brown stream ran foul and reddened with his blood.

The one horn still hangs in a Devonshire home among the heads of Exmoor deer that died in the year of Waterloo ; and those that see it look learnedly at the skull and discourse at length on the strange chance that left

its growth imperfect. But there are a few that forget all else in the memory of that race over the moor, and ask if they will ever enjoy a better fifty-five minutes than the death-chase of the Old One-Horned Stag.

From The Nineteenth Century.

LION HUNTING BEYOND THE HAUD.

BEING a member of the profession of arms, I thought myself very lucky when I last year found myself entitled to sufficient leave to make it worth while going abroad in search of sport. A brother officer being in the same enviable position, we decided to join forces, and to "go foreign" together to some spot where sport and economy could simultaneously be practised. Various localities, from the Zambesi to the Pamirs, came under consideration, but in the end we decided to take tickets for Aden and to try our luck in Somaliland.

I will not presume too much on any one's geographical knowledge, but will say at once that the country in question occupies the most easterly corner of Africa, and adjoins Abyssinia. Those who examine a German map will find that the sphere of British influence is depicted as being very small indeed ; while those who look at an English map will notice a corresponding decrease of French, Italian, and German influence, as represented by the dabs of various colors which are spread about the chart of this barren promontory.

We will leave the account of the journey to Aden to the guide-books, and will commence with our arrival at that cheerless rock. The welcome of the assistant resident there (why should any one want assistance to reside anywhere ?) was not encouraging, being as follows : "Oh, you're here, are you ? We were just going to wire to the Foreign Office to stop you. I don't know where you can go, the country is shot out." Cheerful, this ! But our discouragement was not commensurate with the poor prospect he afforded us ;

and, seeing we were bent on going, this gentleman afforded us every assistance in his power. After two days at Aden my companion, whom I will call V., went over to Berberah, from which place we had decided to go up country, for the purpose of buying camels and other necessities, and of engaging men. I spent a boresome fortnight at Aden, awaiting the cargo boat with our stores, ammunition, and guns. At last she arrived, the goods were transhipped to the Tuna, a little tub plying from Aden to the Somali coast, I got on board—a proceeding materially altering her draught—and off we went.

Reaching Berberah on a Thursday evening, we passed one night there under the roof of the political resident, whose hospitality to sportsmen is unending; hustled about all the following morning from sunrise, arranging loads, and by ten o'clock were on the move for the interior.

At this point it would not be out of place to give some slight description of the *personnel* of our expedition, as well as the manner in which a large "kafala," or caravan, progresses through the country. First in importance came Hady Achmed Warsama, our interpreter and head man, a tall, slight fellow of about thirty-five years of age with close-shaven head and immense mouth disclosing a row of gleaming white teeth; a great man in the estimation of all the others, having three times made the journey to Mecca and having a fourth trip in prospect. He had been fifteen years in the English navy as interpreter, and had accompanied Admiral Hewitt on his mission to Abyssinia. His long spell of British service gave him, of course, an excellent command of the English tongue, though perhaps his expressions sometimes savored rather of the fo'c'sle. His authority over the camel men was complete, and those who have had to deal with colored races well know how greatly a powerful lieutenant adds to the pleasure of an expedition of this kind. To any one who may undertake a journey of similar character to ours I would say: spare no expense to get

a good head man; they are hard to find and require high wages; but, for our part, we never had reason to regret one single anna of the large wages and "backsheesh" we paid to Hady Achmed. Next perhaps in importance comes Deria Ali, our swarthy *chef*; a little wizened-up old fellow, much given to complaining of, and quarrelling with, the other members of the outfit, but, on the other hand, a first-class jungle cook. He had seen a good deal of the world, having visited Melbourne and other places in Australia; not finding them to his liking, however, he had returned to his native jungle. His wardrobe was, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar;" one day he would appear wearing a tarboosh, two yards of calico, and a spear; the next day very tight trousers and an old military overcoat; another day an ancient and porous mackintosh, of which he said, "Him cost me five pounds at Melbourne." On the march his duty was to drive the sheep; poor, white, fat-tailed things, they got so used to marching that after a few days they needed no driving, and would follow like dogs, getting gradually killed off day by day till they were all gone, and a fresh lot had to be bought to fill their place. It was necessary to take sheep with us in order to keep the pot supplied when our time was devoted exclusively to the pursuit of lions. On such occasions it would have been fatal to sport to discharge a rifle in order to supply ourselves with food. One sheep marched with us for about two hundred and forty miles, his day of execution having been postponed to the very last because we had become so mutually attached; when he was killed he was barely eatable!

V. and I had each our two shikaris, who always accompanied us. We were very fortunate in securing some of the best in the country, Nur Farah, who was with V., and Aden Ateya, who was my head shikari, being particularly well known. The latter was a little bullet-headed fellow of about five feet four in height, broad-shouldered and

sturdy, with a remarkable faculty for going up hill at a steady run with no apparent inconvenience to himself. Brave as the lion it is his profession to pursue, he often erred on the side of impetuosity and rashness, but withal he was a wonderful tracker and stalker and fully conversant with the habits of all game. His chief drawback was his religious mania, for I can call it nothing else, which sometimes drove him into fits similar to those of the howling dervishes at Cairo; of this, however, we managed to cure him in a short time; we told him that he would have to pay for any damage done to or by the camels if they stampeded in consequence of his antics, and finally threatened him with immediate discharge if he had another fit. He did not. Geleh Hared, my second shikari, was almost as good a hunter as his superior—a tall, slight boy of about nineteen, quite indefatigable and most willing. He had had some experience of Europeans when travelling with Captain Swayne, R.E., and I think I am right in saying that in his company he had visited Harar. He could not speak ten words of English, but had a slight knowledge of the Harari language.

The camel men, fourteen of whom we armed with Snider carbines, were all engaged for us by Captain Abud at Berberah, and a better set of fellows I never wish to see; willing and cheerful to a degree, they took all the hardships they had to undergo as part of the day's work. Occasional discontent, arising out of nothing, was invariably suppressed as easily as it arose; we always followed the plan of carefully investigating every matter of the kind that was brought before us and doing justice to the utmost of our power. Many people, in dealing with a Somali, take it for granted that he is not telling the truth; true, the chances are against it, but he is such a child that he will convict himself of untruth in the first moment and be the first to laugh at it himself. Burton, in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," well describes the rapid flight of the Somali temper from one extreme to the other, and it

is indeed astonishing to see the man at whose childishness you have smiled one day capable of the most horrible cruelties the next. The Somalis are a peculiar race, in that they have no written language, no musical instruments, little or no filial affection, and rarely any gratitude. Their insensibility to pain is remarkable. I have seen Aden smiling and chewing tobacco, whilst Geleh burnt little holes in his back with a red-hot stick. Fear of death is an unknown quantity among them.

I must not omit to mention Aden Muhammad, V.'s syce; he was a great character and an excellent boy; he never seemed to tire, and was always ready to do every one else's work besides his own. One feat of his deserves especial remark. We had found a lioness in an open plain about six miles wide, and fearing we should lose her in the bushes, we sent Aden off for a pony to "round her up" till we could get there. He got the pony and galloped off, armed only with a little throwing spear, over ground honey-combed with holes (one of which gave him a heavy fall), and headed off the lioness; time after time he brought her to bay under a bush, and time after time she charged, and he was obliged to gallop for his life till he had distanced her; at last we got up to where he was, and the lioness was secured. This appears to me to be an act of as high courage as one can look for in any one, white or black. Only once did we have to reprimand him, and then his offence tended towards the ludicrous. It was as follows: As V. and I were walking along some distance behind the kafala we saw an old man, near a village, crying and raising a great commotion; off we went to inquire what was the matter, and found that Master Aden and Bulaleh, my own syce, had stolen the old man's sword from him and gone off with it. Of course restitution was made, and the two syces were put on guard for a whole night as punishment, regardless of their protests. They took it very good-humoredly, but paid us out by waking

us every hour or two through the night to tell us they had heard a lion in the neighborhood. Which they had not.

To return to our kafala. The camel loads were of a very varied nature, nothing being procurable in the interior but a little meat and milk, and that only during the rains; so we had to carry with us everything that we were likely to need. The men were rationed with a pound of rice, half that amount of dates, and two ounces of ghee per man per diem. As they numbered twenty-five and we carried rations for a hundred days, it will be seen that this item alone represented a considerable amount of transport. A Somali camel carries a load of about two hundred pounds, but that amount varies greatly with the size, condition, and age of the animal, and with the work he has lately done and is expected to do. It is a good rough computation to say that one camel carries rations sufficient for twenty-five men for eight days. Seven camels were devoted to the transport of water; some carried casks containing twenty-six gallons each, one on each side, the very best possible way of carrying water on camel-back; while others were loaded with "hârus," as the native water vessels are called. They are woven of the inner bark of a tree and grass, and are saturated in ghee to make them watertight. They are of the shape of a short, fat cigar, one end being removable and forming a cup. The whole is enclosed in a cage of strong twigs, to which the ropes are made fast, which lash it on to the back of the camel. Our own private stores were packed in fifty-pound boxes, a selection of goods being put in each, so that only one, or two at most, were in use at a time. This plan I can strongly recommend to other travellers, as the trouble and annoyance of having to open box after box to find some necessary article is very great, besides which damage is done to the boxes by constant opening and nailing up, and in the hurry articles are not properly repacked, thus getting broken or spoilt. One camel carried our tent (in two packages) and

our clothes and books (in two kit bags). Ammunition, spare rifles, calico for presents and barter, tobacco for the same purpose, together with a few tools and spare rope, pretty well complete the list of our *matériel*.

The manner in which a load is fixed on a camel is not unworthy of description. The Somali has no saddle for his camel, but uses in its place a thick pad of mats, "*hârus*," which on camping he uses as a roof and walls for his hut, hanging them over curved sticks after the manner of gipsy huts in England. The soft *hâru* forming the padding next the camel's skin he uses as a couch. The camel having been made to lie down, after much grunting and roaring on his part, he is securely knee-haltered by passing the halter under each knee and over his neck, on the top of which it is tied. The soft *hâru* is then put on his back, covering all but his head and tail, and the front part folded back to make a double thickness over the withers and hump. (The hump of the Somali camel, by the way, is not nearly such a marked feature as that of the Arabian camel.) On this are placed the remainder of the *hârus* to the extent of from six to nine thicknesses of mat. The loading rope, a long, double-plaited grass rope, is then put on so as to form a complete harness, consisting of breast-plate, double girth, and crupper, but never passing over the back, the harness being lifted up as much as possible so as to leave the spine clear after the manner of an ordinary English saddle. The load having first been carefully balanced, it is then secured by lashing it to the loading rope. This adjustment of loads is a most important consideration in the marching of a kafala; for, if it is not properly attended to, loads will roll off, or shift backwards and forwards, or, worse still, the camel will get a sore back and be rendered unfit for work, necessitating the division of his load amongst other camels.

Our loads being all properly divided and adjusted, we will march off. As each camel man gets his two camels loaded up he ties the halter of one of

them to the tail of the other, whose halter he in turn ties to any unoccupied tail he can see ; a fairly fast, steady camel is chosen to lead, and, as soon as the whole of the kafala is strung together, the order is given to march off. For the first mile or so the camel men stay by their respective charges to see that the loads are travelling all right ; when satisfied that this is the case they gather into knots in front, in rear, or on the flanks and indulge in chaff, songs of sorts, and occasional prayer, the latter entailing a run of a mile or so to catch the caravan up again. If in a district whose friendliness is doubted, a careful watch is of course kept while on the march, and no straggling allowed. The shikaris, as a rule, formed the advanced guard, while the ponies and syces brought up the rear. If the ponies are allowed to get in front the whole rate of marching will be retarded, as a Somali pony only walks two miles an hour when loose, a camel's ordinary pace being half a mile per hour more.

The usual day's work when on the march was as follows : *Réveil* at three, a cup of coffee and biscuit, camp struck, loaded up and off at four, steady marching till ten or thereabouts, when we would find the shadiest spot we could, and halt for from four to five hours, during which time we had breakfast, wrote up diaries, took any necessary astronomical observations. About two and a half hours' more marching in the afternoon brought us to the night's camping ground towards five o'clock. Then there was a thorn zareba to be made, dinner to be prepared, beds put out, perhaps a little doctoring to be done, and sometimes time to read a book for a few minutes before dark. At sundown Achmed called the faithful to prayers, and such as felt like it attended ; during the Ramadán indeed there were very few absentees, but at other times the attendance was smaller. As soon as the men had done their prayers our dinner was served by the "butler," Jama Agg' Elli, a capital boy whom we picked up in Aden. I quote the *carte du jour* from a letter

written home : "Potage tabloide, tour-nedos de Koodoo a l'oignon. Pain. Confiture. Café. — Vins. Whiskey. Eau alkaline." Very soon after sunset the temperature begins to fall, and at such a rapid rate that by seven o'clock we are generally glad to put on our thickest coats and sometimes to wrap rugs round us.

Some of those evenings in the jungle are among my pleasantest recollections. What greater pleasure than coming in from a successful hunt to find that one's companion has had his share of sport, and, over the post-prandial coffee, to mutually recite one's experiences of the day ? The darkness succeeding the fall of day is just giving way to the bright light of the rising moon, whose rapidly widening silver edge we see through the tops of the mimosa jungle. The circle of fires in the zareba throws a ruddy glow on the picturesque figures of the men grouped about them at their meal or preparing for rest. In the far distance we hear the howl of the hyena or the gruff bark of the questing lion. His majesty may perhaps be inclined to visit us later in the evening ; very well, we will give him a royal reception. "Achmed, tell Aden to put the 10-bore and half-a-dozen cartridges by my bed !" Eight o'clock — time to turn in. "Where's my revolver ? Ah ! here it is. I will put it under the pillow as usual for fear of accidents." "Good-night !" "Night !" and we are soon asleep to a brief lullaby from the sentry, who never ceases singing throughout his watch ; asleep, but not a heavy slumber ; any unusual noise, and we shall both be wide awake, having woken up suddenly without a movement, unless it be that of a hand to a weapon ; wide awake, to drop off again the moment we are satisfied that all is well. It is a wonderful faculty of the human mind which enables it to adapt its sleep to circumstances ; at home we lay our heads down and sleep till shouted at by a servant who has banged about the room for ten minutes previously ; go to the jungle or the prairie, and our sleep is set on a hair-trigger, we wake ten

times in the night and ten times we are asleep again within half a minute, having made sure all is right. As the night advances we are glad to pull the waterproof sheets over us, sometimes right over our heads, to keep off the heavy dew, which otherwise would soak us to the skin. Long before daylight Jama would be called by the sentry (whose clock was a star), and in his turn go and wake V. with the remark, "I think so, sir, it half past three." V., drawing his watch—from under his pillow, would check the accuracy of Jama's assertion with the aid of a match, and, if his statement held water, would order a start. My own watch, a cheap one, broke down very soon after entering the Haud, so we had to rely entirely on V.'s timepiece, an excellent lever watch, for our observations. On one occasion the sentry must have dropped off to sleep for a moment and woken up again to find the stars obscured by clouds. Thinking apparently that he had had a prolonged nap, he woke Jama, who addressed to V. his usual matutinal salutation of "I think so, sir, it half past three." Imagine my companion's feelings when he found, on consulting his watch, that it was only just midnight!

It was wonderful to observe the celerity with which our camp was pitched or broken. About half an hour sufficed to see a thorn zareba built, and every one comfortably settled down after arrival at a fresh camp, while forty-five minutes from the ejaculation by either of us of the mystic word "*Warsókahaiyáh*" (what it means the writer has not a notion, but its action never failed), not a vestige would remain to mark the spot when men, camels, and horses had lately lived, moved, and had their being.

In appearance the Somal has the advantage of most colored and of many white races. He is as a rule tall, slight, and well set up, with well-formed limbs covered with a ruddy brown skin, the texture of which would excite envy in the heart of many a European beauty. The features have, as a rule, nothing

in common with the coarse negro type which prevails in Nubia and the Sudan, but rather incline towards the Semitic type. Thick lips are the exception, not the rule, and a broad, flat nose is also a rarity. The hair, when the head is not clean shaved, is allowed to grow straight out from the head in every direction, giving a very wild appearance to the owner; among the Esa and Gadabursi tribes the hair seems to be softer, and hangs down to the nape of the neck in long, closely curled ringlets. The women throughout the country have the hair enclosed in a dark blue fillet, a difference in the disposition of the latter distinguishing between a married and an unmarried woman.

The first fourteen days were of little interest except to ourselves, steady travelling, at about twenty miles per diem, being the rule. We knew it was no good stopping short of Hargaisa, as the coast range has been shot out during the last three or four years; and our best chance of sport seemed to be to cross the "Haud" (not "Hand" as recently described in the *Field*), a waterless plateau extending for three hundred miles east and west, and being about one hundred miles wide. Accordingly, after a short delay at Hargaisa to obtain extra camels, for water, and to make arrangements with the local sheikh about keeping any letters that might be forwarded to us, we set out on our five waterless days' march. On two successive mornings we found numerous lion tracks on the path, and in one case found traces of a lion having been driven from his morning meal of oryx by our approach; not being provided for delay beyond the necessary five days, we did not molest them at the time, but noted their positions for future guidance. A lion, if undisturbed, will work the same district for months at a time, leaving it every six to ten days to go for water, according to the weather and the amount he has eaten. The writer had the good fortune a fortnight later to be able to follow exactly the movements of a troop of five lions and lionesses for seven

days, during which time they never left a radius of ten miles; perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that he missed them consistently for three of those days and on the seventh killed one; the remaining four devoured all that was mortal of their poor friend that night, and were no more seen.

The Haud was crossed without any staving in of water-casks or other misadventure such as generally happens to novices, and the morning of the fifth day saw us in Milmil. A two days' halt brought me good luck in the shape of a greater koodoo, that splendid, spiral-horned antelope so well depicted in Mr. Selous's recent book. This was the second one I had got since starting, in each case a lucky shot on the top of a lucky find having brought about the desired result. One very seldom gets a specimen without a lot of climbing over the most rugged hills imaginable. Captain Swayne, in his report on the antelope of Somaliland, says: "A fortnight's hard climbing is amply repaid by a good pair of horns." (The present writer, never having been a feather-weight, is better on the flat than on the hill.) The first place where we really settled down to business was Aware, twenty-five miles east of Milmil, a slight cup in a plateau where sufficient water collects to provide for a small number of people throughout the dry season. Lion and rhino tracks on the way there, coupled with a visit from two lions the same night, augured well for sport.

As soon as it was light, the morning after our arrival, we were off together on the tracks of the larger of the two lions whose tracks we had found. V. took the right, I the left, two of the shikaris keeping on the track itself in the centre. Three hours' steady tracking brought us to some grass about ten feet in height, and quite impossible to see far through. The surrounding country was mimosa forest, a distant view in any direction being impossible. As we were making our way cautiously along I heard a shot from V., followed by a most awful moaning roar

about twenty yards away; my shikari Aden and I were round like a flash, at the "ready" position, standing, as we expected trouble, but two more shots and the succeeding silence assured us of V.'s success. As we moved round to where he was standing, close to a splendid old black-maned lion, the syces and shikaris were just commencing the song of triumph which is always sung when a male lion has been bagged. There was extra rejoicing over the death of this one, as he had been a well-known man-eater, *thirty-five* (call it *ten*!) deaths being laid at his door, in addition to being the first lion of the trip. On the way home I was successful in bagging a fine bull oryx, which fell to the first shot from my little single .450 Express, making me more pleased than ever with the weapon which had come to hand only three days before our departure.

The next day is worthy of record. According to custom we had started off in opposite directions from camp as soon as the sun appeared. I had almost given up hope of sport, my shikaris and I having walked about ten miles without a vestige of a lion track, when we came on quite fresh signs of two biggish lions that had been hunting oryx; the tracks were so fresh that we knew we could not be far behind them, and exercised consequent caution. Through all the intricacies of their hunting prowl we followed them; now and again one could see where one of them had made a spring at an oryx and missed, or where the oryx had taken fright and bolted off. At last the place where they had rested in the morning was reached, and from there the tracks went straight away for about five miles, through a light thorn jungle interspersed with patches of high grass. I thought they must have escaped us, and was inclining to despair when Geleh, my second shikari, who was in front, suddenly stopped and bobbed down; I naturally did the same, took my double 10-bore from him, and looked cautiously up over the top of the thorn-bush in front. We were at the edge of an open grass glade

about a hundred yards wide, bounded by mimosa-trees and high grass. We were concealed by the bush in front of us, which was of just sufficient height to enable me to fire over its flat top. Beyond it I could discern the yellow forms of the two lionesses, for such they proved to be, lying flat on their left sides, their hind feet pointing straight towards us, not forty yards distant. They were absolutely unaware of our presence, and lay as if dead. Had the day not been cloudy they would doubtless, according to their habit, have been sleeping in the jungle; on this occasion the rare event of an overcast sky had tempted them into the open to their own destruction and the ultimate advantage of the writer. As the two great cats lay there, fast asleep, I could not help waiting a moment before firing, as I felt sure they would not wake now, the wind being the other way; and it is not given to many people to see lions in their native state in this peaceful condition. I suspect, however, that the moment's delay was not quite so long as it seemed, but it was long enough for me to see that the further one was a lioness; thinking, therefore, that the nearer one, whose head I could not see, was a lion, I fired, aiming for a spot just behind the elbow; as I did so the other one looked up over her shoulder and almost simultaneously got the contents of the left barrel in the neck, killing her at once. The first one fired at—which proved also to be a lioness—still moved; but Geleh, thinking her vitality less than it really was, strolled up to her, putting the butt of my Winchester on her head; as he did so she seized it in her mouth, nearly perforating it with her teeth, thereby giving him such a respect for dead (!) lions that he was ever afterwards most cautious in dealing with them. I had to give her a shot from the .450 Express before it was considered politic to commence skinning the other one which lay close by. This operation was not a long one, and the pelts and skulls were soon made up in bundles ready to pack on a pony.

The latter was very averse to this operation, and was only brought to reason by having his nostrils rubbed with a piece of the flesh of one of the lions. To the load was added a considerable amount of the inside fat, a perquisite of the shikaris; this is melted and bottled by them, and afterwards sold for a considerable price to native doctors on the coast and at Aden. It is highly valued by them for its supposed medicinal qualities, being rubbed into those who suffer from rheumatism and fever.

On reaching camp that evening we found that V. had got a tremendous female rhino with a fine front horn. His shikaris too had had a scare; for, as they were dancing on the body of the supposed defunct pachyderm, she had given a grunt, and looked round to see what was up. I believe their activity in regaining their rifles was marvellous.

It was in the neighborhood of Awàre that the writer caught sight of some "Debbo Tag" or "Clarke's gazelle," one of the rarest of East African antelope, only having been shot for the first time about four years ago. A few days later, having no further sport, we moved two journeys north-west into the Haud, to Doa-ahleh, the spot where we had seen the tracks on our journey south. A week's stay here increased our tale of lions by one each—a week to be passed over by the writer as lightly as possible. For four days he tracked from dawn to afternoon with always the same result, a galloping shot with 10-bore and a miss over the top constituting the usual *finale* to the proceedings. The fifth day saw the heavy rifle relegated to close work, its place for moving shots being taken by the little .450 Express, with which in his hands the writer did not lose a single lion.

A description of a certain morning's work will show how easily a good chance may be missed by a novice through ignorance of the sport. V. and I had been for some hours on the track of a band of lions numbering five, besides what Nur Farah called

"the two small boys" (two cubs). At last we came to the fresh trace of where something had been dragged into a patch of high grass, the tracks being so fresh as to leave little doubt that the lions were concealed in it, and probably busy feeding. Instead of going right round the thicket, as we should have done, our shikaris insisted on our walking straight down a slight opening into the centre of it. The result of this move was that we walked almost on to the lions as they were devouring a dead oryx. I saw a lioness creeping through the bush ten yards ahead of us, and fired through the branches with no perceptible result. Almost at the same instant another lioness rose up under a tree rather further away, and started towards us, looking very nasty; before her head was fairly lowered V., who had dropped on one knee, fired, striking her in the region of the shoulder. She spun round and round half-a-dozen times like a top, and we lost sight of her. Aden and I dashed forward after a fine male lion he had caught sight of, and followed it up for some hours, but without success, the ground being hard and unfavorable for tracking. We made out that his tracks turned in the direction of the place where he had been found, and then we lost him. V. had had no better luck with his wounded lioness, the blood trail having ceased after a short while, making tracking impossible. Disconsolately we turned our steps campwards, after a short halt for rest and abuse of our luck. Passing a patch of grass a few hundred yards from where we had rested, it was thought advisable to spread and walk through it in line. The moment we entered it Nur Farah spied a yellow object creeping along close to him. He shouted to V., who fired at close range at the object, scarcely knowing what it was; the first shot, which failed to touch it, startled it, and off went the beast with huge bounds over the grass tussocks, showing it to be the lion I had been after all the morning. He must have circled round after we had given him

up, and probably intended to return to the meal from which we had disturbed him. We pursued him for a short distance, but we could see by the tracks that his gallop never flagged at all, and we soon abandoned the chase. Had we not then been such green hands at the game the morning's bag would probably have been three lions at least, instead of nil. The first mistake was in blundering into the grass where we found them, instead of giving the matter a few moments' consideration, during which they would probably have revealed their actual position, by the noise made in crunching bones. The second was tearing in after our shots instead of waiting for another chance which, with so many lions in the covert, would probably have offered itself. The third was to start off at once in pursuit of a lion disturbed whilst feeding. A lion, after its first bolt away from the hunter, generally stops after a little while to see if he is being pursued; if he has left food behind him, the probability is that he will return cautiously to finish it; if not, he will walk gently on to his destination. If, on the other hand, he sees among the trunks of the mimosa bushes two or three pairs of legs rapidly advancing in his direction, he will break into a canter, followed by a steady jog-trot, and will probably not stop before sundown. With a *very* big heavy lion the case is rather different, as, having more to carry, he is much affected by the heat, and it is usually possible, on good tracking ground, to walk him down. In the case in point we ought to have lain behind a bush near the bones of the oryx, when our patience would almost certainly have been rewarded by a shot.

In this neighborhood we succeeded in adding a young lion and a lioness to the bag. The latter fell to V.'s rifle by a curious shot. The bullet broke the neck, and the fore quarters of the lioness subsided with the head underneath, the hind quarters remaining raised as though the beast were kneeling down; after half a minute she rolled over on her side, stone dead.

My young lion gave me some excitement. He also was struck in the neck, just above the spine, the bullet passing completely through; when he caught sight of us coming into the clearing where he lay, he endeavored, though half paralyzed, to make a rush at us. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain the shikaris from letting drive at him, I myself administering the *coup de grâce* behind the ear at a distance of about fifteen yards. It is curious how invisible a lion is in the jungle so long as he keeps still. In this instance I had looked straight at my lion through the bushes, as he sat up on his hind quarters, and thought he was the dead trunk of a tree. His back was towards us, and it was not till he turned his head that I realized what he was. The natives told us that the color of the skin of both rhinoceros and lion varies with the color of the soil. Our own short experience quite bore this out, the lions killed on dark soil having a much bluer tinge than those which we had secured on the red ground.

As we intended striking west from here, we now paid off Sheikh Muhammad, son of Sheikh Elmi, the head man of Milmil, who had been with us ever since our arrival at the latter place, three weeks in all. He was a most obliging little man and an excellent guide. If he had a fault, it was his proclivity for saying his prayers at inconvenient moments. He amused us very much when it came to giving him the money. We first had an interview with him, to see with what amount he would be pleased. Twenty-four rupees was fixed on as a sum with which he would be amply satisfied. He then begged to be paid sixteen rupees in his brother's presence, in order that the latter should believe it to be the whole sum, as he would be sure to demand a share; the remaining money was to be paid him secretly after dark. This artfulness on the part of what Achmed described as "De mos religiones man" was rather quaint. We had some little trouble in getting away from Dagha-boor, owing to the unwillingness of the

sheikh to let us have a guide. This was due to the fact that he and his family were being rationed by our people, and were naturally loth to cut off their free supplies by their own action.

One morning, while deliberating about our future movements, a native came in with *khobar* (news) of a lion track close by. We started off at once together to follow it up. Aden and Geleh were leading the way, each carrying a rifle, when suddenly I saw them put the rifles down against some bushes, and fly at one another. They were on the ground in a moment, tearing and hitting at each other. Nur Farah seized one, I the other, and we dragged them apart, while they panted and cursed with rage. A summary court-martial and inquiry was held, when we found that the whole thing had arisen from my having told Geleh that the rifles were not as clean as they should be. He had told Aden that it was his, Aden's, fault. The latter had replied that it was none of his business. Thence they had drifted into mutual recriminations, embracing one another's relations, appearance, and habits. It was something to be thankful for that they had not used the rifles. The end of it was that V. and I changed shikaris for the day, and threatened the combatants with discharge in the event of a recurrence of the *fracas*.

Justice having been dispensed, we started off on the lion track, V. taking the right, I the left. The course taken by the lion favored me throughout, bending steadily in my direction. Aden excelled himself in tracking on this occasion, following an almost invisible trail at a rate of about four and a half miles an hour. After two hours' tracking, he motioned to me to go very quietly, at the same time slipping off his sandals and hanging them over his arm. The track led into a mass of tufts of thorn and grass jungle divided by narrow paths, along which one could walk without hindrance. We were quietly slipping along in Indian file, Aden leading, when he suddenly stopped and pointed to the left front.

I looked out between the thorn stems to a clearing fifty yards distant, but saw nothing. The next moment he seized me by the arm, and then pointed to a spot in the high grass close to us, at the same time bringing his rifle to his shoulder. As he did so I saw lying in the grass a magnificent male lion; he appeared to be almost at our feet. As I caught sight of him, he had just woken up, and was turning his head to look at us over his shoulder as he lay on his left side. I fired at once, the bullet striking just beneath the eye. A second afterwards Aden fired also, to my annoyance; but perhaps he was justified by circumstances. His bullet struck the lion in the right flank rather behind the heart. We deemed another shot necessary, and I let him have it from in front, firing at his open mouth, which was about all I could see from my position. The bullet unluckily broke some of his teeth, which were very fine ones, afterwards passing into the roof of the mouth, through the brain, and out at the neck. The first shot had likewise penetrated and lodged in the brain.

A shady march of two days in a north-westerly direction up the Tug Djerad brought us to Goderali, just within the borders of Abyssinia. The journey was uneventful, the country being devoid of both game and people. We saw old traces of natives, it is true, but they had been driven away or killed by the rapidly encroaching Abyssinians, leaving only their empty huts and zarebas. From the hill on the side of which we pitched our camp a marvellous view was obtainable. To the north, the black forest of the Haud stretched as far as the eye could reach, broken only by three small hills, well-known landmarks. To the south and west rolled the mountains of Harar. The range on which we stood, and which bounded the Haud for miles, was a low, stone-covered stretch of round-topped hills flanked by thick mimosa jungle, filled with rhinoceros. Wherever we went we found traces of them, their feeding-ground being apparently restricted to a very small area. Never

having been hunted, they probably found no reason to leave such excellent pasture, and during the first four days of our stay at Goderali there was a herd of rhino feeding within ten miles of camp.

The honey-bird, of which we saw several during the trip, is well worthy of mention as a natural curiosity. It is a little grey, common-looking bird about the size of a thrush. It first forces itself upon the notice of the traveller by flying across his path, uttering a shrill, unlovely cry. It will then sit on a neighboring tree, still calling and waiting for him to follow. By short, rapid flights the bird will lead its guest on and on, till after a while the traveller notices that the bird has stopped its onward course, and is hanging about among a certain half-dozen trees. These being visited one after another and carefully examined, the search will be rewarded by finding a nest of bees in one of them. The probability is that there will be honey in it, but I have known the bird mistaken. It is a matter of honor with the natives to set aside a good portion of honey for the bird. Although this action of the honey-bird is an established fact of natural history, it is none the less unaccountable, and it would be interesting to know whether he ever tries to entice quadrupeds also to assist him in obtaining his much-loved honey.

Our first day's sport at Goderali was unfortunate, as far as I was concerned. As usual, V. and I started from camp in almost opposite directions; very soon I came on rhino tracks, and followed them, he on a lion track which he also followed. The tracks must have converged, for, as I was creeping up to get a shot at one of the four rhino that we had been tracking, we heard the report of his rifle at a distance of about half a mile. Off went the rhino with us after them. Soon they stopped, and I fired a long side shot at the head of the biggest one who was standing half behind a tree. In ignorance I fired too far forward and lodged the bullet in the mass of bone which supports the horn. The beast staggered,

but galloped off in a cloud of dust, followed by Geleh and myself. (Aden was down with fever and was absorbing antipyrine in camp.)

Another shot as he stood under a tree was fruitless, and after a pursuit of eight miles we gave it up, reaching camp just before sundown, to find that my companion had got a lioness. She must have been the only one in the place, as we never saw the track of another in the neighborhood of Gode-rali.

For an account of the next day's sport I cannot do better than quote verbatim from my diary.

Aden looked very ill from fever, but he came with me. Passed endless rhino tracks pointing south-east, but left them all, as they led towards V.'s ground. Five miles from camp a low whistle from camel-man Mohammed, who was with the pony fifty yards in rear, called our attention to a big she-rhinoceros two hundred yards away to the right front. We stood motionless, and she came straight towards us, sniffing the air, having evidently winded the pony. She stopped forty yards away, looking in our direction, then wheeled off suddenly and bolted. I got in a shot with the 10-bore in the front part of the brain, which bowled her over, and gave her another as she lay, to make certain. Went on three hours more, but did nothing. Aden Ateya had a near shave of being struck by a snake a yard long, and as thick as the calf of my leg. He speared it, whereupon it bit itself.

Several elephant tracks some months old showed that during the rainy season they frequent this locality. We also found the skeleton of one killed by natives about six months previously.

The beggars who follow a European caravan from place to place are a great pest. It is next to impossible to get rid of them, and they sit outside the zareba after dark and howl until they gain admission. Where water was plentiful and there was no fear of rations running short we never interfered with them, they were such wretched-looking objects; but where there was any doubt about the sufficiency of food, out of fairness to our own men we always tried to keep them away. It

could only be done by leaving a couple of men on ponies, with rifles, to drive the *misérables* back and prevent them coming on for some time after the departure of the kafala; even then they would sometimes arrive late at night after we had camped, having followed as soon as the rear-guard started to re-join us.

We soon quitted our old trail, inclining northwards over and along the range of hills where Gode-rali stands. We found tracks of greater and lesser koodoo, but saw none of either species. One midday halt afforded us an interesting half-hour examining the leaf and stick insects which were crawling about; they were most curious, the resemblance to dead leaves and stalks of grass being in many cases perfect. Unfortunately entomology had had no place in the curriculum of our early studies, so we could only observe these extraordinary insects in a very amateur way.

When we got down again to the border of the Haud, we found ourselves in a fine game country. Besides lion and rhinoceros there were awal (*G. Soemmeringii*), gerenook, dik-dik (*Nanotragus Saltii*), dhera (*G. Pelzelni*), bustard, and many kinds of birds. The awal gave us a lot of sport, and their meat was very acceptable to the few villages we passed. They are not as a rule very difficult to approach, as they generally feed on plains studded with bushes, the easiest kind of stalking ground. One peculiarity, which we soon found out and took advantage of, is that when disturbed while feeding in the neighborhood of a kafala on the march, they nearly always gallop straight past the leading camel. If one of the guns places himself at the head of the caravan while the other goes in pursuit, the probability is that the former gets the easier chance. When killing meat for some natives one day, I in this manner got three beasts out of a herd of awal that galloped past, with five shots from a little .320 Marlin repeater which I usually carried when on the march. The dhera are pretty little things, but most

difficult to get near, besides affording a diminutive target. The lump of loose skin on the nose gives the head a very curious appearance.

At a place called Kuri Deli, twenty miles from Fiambiro, we found that heavy rain had fallen a few days previously; the young grass was consequently growing rapidly, and a pond a hundred yards long had formed in a neighboring watercourse. As the camels had had very hard work for the previous fortnight we decided to give them a few days in which to recuperate, and we built a zareba not far from the water. We met two Somali rhinoceros hunters armed with bows and arrows, one of them carrying, in addition, a colored cotton umbrella with which he seemed delighted. We wished them good luck, and they replied that if they killed a rhino the Habersheeny (Abyssinians) were sure to take the horns, this being their invariable custom.

The news that a lion had killed a donkey the previous night justified us in our selection of a resting-place, and we at once ordered zarebas to be constructed for occupation the same evening—one near the water, the other near the village five miles away. The first night spent in them added nothing to the bag, but the following evening was more successful. I quote from my diary:—

Build a second zareba near the water, a mile from V.'s and close to our camp. A heavy shower fell just before and after Geleh and myself arrived there, but a waterproof sheet which we had luckily taken kept us dry. I dropped off to sleep at once, having spent the previous night out; probably Geleh soon afterwards followed suit, as he was sleeping soundly when I was woken at about midnight by the donkey stamping about in evident terror. A crash, followed by a sound of sniffing, brought me up on my knees in a moment, rifle in hand; and as I looked quietly out of the loop-hole I saw against the sky the outline of an immense lion's head two yards from me. I fired at once, and thought I had settled him; but the shot was aimed too high, entering the forehead and passing out by the ear, the top of

which it nearly cut off. On looking out again, after reloading, I was greeted with a roar, and gave the now deceased donkey the first barrel through the nose, thinking in the darkness that he was the lion; the contents of the left barrel broke the shoulder of the latter as he sprang at the loop-hole, and he went past us to some bushes near by, where we heard him moving about and growling and groaning till morning. At daylight we followed his tracks for a quarter of a mile, when we came on him, as we thought, dead. He quickly convinced us of the contrary by jumping up and making off. A shot from the 10-bore bowled him over, but he required two more shots from the .450 to settle him. His tracks showed us that he had been and sat down within twenty yards of our camp the night before, but only the ponies had noticed his presence.

Rain having already fallen in places, water was abundant, and a few flowers were forcing their way out. Amongst others we noticed three sorts of convolvulus, a kind of bouvardia, and a giant jasmine; a week later we found a beautiful cluster of sweet-smelling lilies growing on stems about six inches long; beyond these we scarcely ever saw a flower at all.

It was interesting to observe the effect of the rain on insect life; masses of ants of all sizes, ant-lions, beetles, and other insects sprang into existence, and made their presence evident in various ways. The large black ants were busy cutting the wings off swarms of Mayflies that the rain had beaten down, and were dragging the bodies into holes. Huge spiders were entering into combat with other ants with varying success, and at one place we came on a flock of birds feeding on a swarm of great black and yellow locusts which could hardly fly. It is a curious fact which we proved by experiment, that, if the leading ant of an army of ants on the move be killed, the remainder, on reaching the spot where their leader's trail ceases, will turn about and go back to their starting-point. The size of the ants may be realized when one considers that the larger species are able to carry a date-stone single-handed.

Leaving the Harawa valley we worked northwards in search of elephant, but found none; the country was very mountainous and rocky, one pass in particular being barely passable for the camels. One of our ponies was overcome by my riding him for a couple of hours one day; and the next morning, when asked to go up hill with an empty saddle, he, to use the native expression, "sat down" and died. The Somali pony is useless for a heavy man at any time, and, when food and water are scarce, a caravan is better without any ponies at all; they are constantly stopping and "sitting down," when either the caravan has to wait or one or two men must be left behind to bring them on in the cool of the evening. We found the track of an elephant one morning and followed it more or less for three days, at the end of which time we lost it; the bleaching skeletons of several elephants showed us where another English party had met them; and we passed close to the spot where an Anglo-Indian had two months previously come across a herd while he was marching and had killed *seven*. He only got one lion though, so we stifled our jealousy.

Only three weeks now remained to us before we were due at Berberah, so we decided to go out into the middle of the Haud and try to pick up another lion or two. Leaving our main body at Hargaisa, where we heard of Lord Delamere's mauling by a lion, we marched out with small loads and all the water-casks a two days' journey into the Haud, to a place called Arror. The writer was suffering from the ill effects of a draught of bad water taken a week previously, and was obliged to stay in bed for the first four days, which time V. spent in pursuit of a fine old lion who evidently belonged to the neighborhood. On the fifth day his perseverance was rewarded by getting him after a hot day's tracking. The next day I was out again, though very weak, and, after several hours' tracking, traced two lions into a patch of grass. Aden and I slipped round to

the far side and got on an ant-heap; two of the men followed the tracks in and nearly stepped on the lionesses fast asleep; they rushed out past me, and I shot the first one through the apex of the heart as she galloped past, killing her after she had gone twenty yards; the other I missed with the 10-bore, having foolishly changed rifles after the first shot.

The second day after this we were on the march, heading for home, and were about a mile ahead of the caravan as it crossed the Banki Arror, a treeless plain six miles in width. We came on the track of the lioness I had missed, and a few moments later up she jumped from a depression and made off across the plain. Of our pursuit of her and Aden Muhammad's pluck I wrote in a previous paragraph, so I will take up the narrative at the point where he on a pony had "rounded her up" under a bush. By previous agreement V. was to have first shot, but our six-mile run in the blazing sun had unsteadied us, and it was almost impossible to point a rifle within a foot of the mark aimed at; he fired though, and, as far as we know, missed; the lioness dashed off, but was stopped in a moment by Aden on the pony; she crouched under another bush in sight of me, lying broadside on, and I fired, striking her in the shoulder; the shot had only the effect of making her crouch still lower, and to begin a low growling and switching of her tail from side to side. Again I fired, this time aiming at the head; my unsteadiness spoilt my aim, and the bullet cut a neat hole in the tip of the ear, but did not otherwise injure her; the next moment she swung round and charged me while I was loading, V. putting a bullet in her shoulder as she rushed past him, but without result. I could not get the cartridge in soon enough to fire during her rush, so endeavored to take a step to my right to avoid the spring I expected. As I did so I felt myself held right in the lioness's path by a small thorn-bush which reached about to my waist, and the toothed arms of which held me in a close embrace. I thought

I was done for, and my relief knew no bounds when she suddenly swerved to her right and passed behind me. In a moment I tore myself clear and turned round to find that the lioness had seized Geleh by the wrist, and that he was struggling to thrust her off with the rifle which he held in both hands. They were not more than three yards from me, but I dared not fire for her heart, as she was so close to the man; in fact it looked in the dust-cloud they had raised as if they were wrestling. Her back was towards me, so I fired at the spine about the loins, and she fell instantaneously, gave one quiver, and was dead. The shot had been a fortunate one, the little .450 bullet having completely broken her backbone.

After she was dead things became if anything more lively than before, as Aden and Nur Farah began bombarding her from opposite sides in the most reckless way, to the imminent danger of every one except the lioness, which they did not hit.

We examined Geleh's hand and found three holes in his wrist, made by three of the canine teeth of the lioness; though bleeding profusely, the wounds did not appear serious, so I bandaged them with one handkerchief, made a sling of another, and, as soon as the skin and head were ready, put him on a pony and set out on our sixteen-mile march to camp. For five miles all went well, then an artery in the neighborhood of one of the wounds broke, and the bleeding became very difficult to stop. I put a tourniquet on the upper arm, but Geleh seemed unable to stand the pain of it, and as soon as I walked on he always loosened it and the trouble began afresh. It was only by walking behind with a rifle and threatening him that he was got home at all. We had to halt several times on the way, and it was more difficult after each halt to get him started again. During one of these halts we heard several shots in the distance, the number making us rather anxious; it afterwards appeared that V. had found two lions and had wounded one of them, but our morning's accident had made

him careful, and he did not go up to the beast till he was quite sure of its demise.

Poor Geleh's wound gave us some little anxiety, as he had the bad taste, after three days of the writer's doctoring, to insist on being attended by a local leech, through the instrumentality of whom he nearly lost his arm. He completely recovered soon after our return to Berberah, and was made quite happy by a considerable application of "palm-oil."

Our time was now rapidly drawing to a close, and our sport was practically at an end. We had still to go to Hargaisa to pick up the remainder of our caravan, pack up our rifles, and hurry back to the coast. When we got to Hargaisa we heard the sad news that a poor woman, who had attached herself to us two months before, had been lost when out gathering firewood. Whether she had been taken by a lion or whether she had met some of her own tribe and joined them we never knew; let us hope the latter was the case, but the former event is the more probable. She was a wonderful worker and did more duty about camp than any two men; as with Red Indians, the Somali woman always does the greater share of any work that has to be done.

We made our adieus to Sheikh Mutah and to his blind son-in-law, who rules the place in the absence of the sheikh, loaded up the now sorry-looking camels, and turned our backs with many regrets on the country where we had enjoyed so many days of sport. The march from Hargaisa to the coast takes, as a rule, about four and a half days. We believe we established a "record" for the distance, as with tired camels and full loads we covered the distance in four hours over three days! The first three days we did twenty-five miles each day, that distance being the most we ever covered in a day. The last night on the road we sent up our few rockets, which we had carried all the way in case of necessity. They created a great sensation, not only in our own camp, but

also in that of some natives whom we met the next morning, and who were much relieved to find that the manifestations were not due to superhuman agency.

We sighted Berberah at daylight, and now was my chance to pay out Aden Ateya for the way he had run me up hills three months before. A pony had fallen and crushed my bare knee against a stone, rousing my ire, which had to find an escape somewhere; so I took it out in walking Master Aden off his legs in the last eight miles into Berberah. Both V. and I were in the best of health and condition, and it was with some sorrow that we doffed our rags, and, under the hospitable roof of Captain Abud, the British resident, returned to clean clothes and civilization.

The sale of our camels and ponies occupied the bulk of the afternoon, the auction being conducted in the town square by a public auctioneer, each bid being called both in Arabic and Somali. The camels fetched about half what we gave for them, and with this price we were well satisfied. The stores only fetched about one-fourth of the cost price, so we gave most of them away as "backsheesh" to our followers. One day we spent paying off our men, with all of whom we parted on the best of terms; we stowed our trophies in bales and boxes, and the following morning left for Aden and home.

H. C. LOWTHER.

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WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

V.

WHEN we were boys, the farthest horizon from the windows, to our childish eyes, was a stretch of rolling blue hills at ten miles or so of distance. Blue they were generally, but often in that moist western county shrouded with the sweeping curtains of the rain-storms which rolled up under grey skies from the Atlantic; sometimes, when the sun shone with an unwonted treacherous brightness, painted dis-

tinctly enough in the colors of the seasons. When the distant hills stood forth thus clearly, with fine-cut outlines and colors of Pre-Raphaelite hue, they would tell us, "The hills look too close, we shall have rain."

It was generally a safe prophecy. We tried to draw better augury from the laugh of the green woodpecker who spent much of his time pecking away in the rough, tussocky lawn which sloped down from the house towards the arable land below. We believed that the green woodpecker knew whether it was going to rain; but we did not believe that the human people about us knew. We had often found them wrong, but the green woodpecker we had never found wrong. We had often thought that the intonation of his laugh had said rain, and rain had not come; but we knew that it must have been we who were at fault, and that in our stupidity we had failed to understand him. We were certain that the woodpecker intended to tell us about the weather, for Joe said so, and we did not think that any one was his equal for general knowledge. Joe was by a few years our senior, and we believed in him as unreservedly as in the woodpecker. It appeared to us that he knew everything, — everything, that is, which was knowledge in our eyes. By birth he did not belong to our county but to Cornwall, whence he had come up, along the North Cornish coast, in a succession of carriers' cars. He used to tell us wonderful stories of the people whom he had met on his journey; folk who lived on the cliff-side facing the sea, and never had any communication with a town save through the medium of the weekly carrier; a folk sufficing to themselves. We have often wondered since whether these stories of his were quite true, but have never had the opportunity of testing them; at the time we accepted them as absolutely above suspicion. But, once arrived from this momentous journey, Joe's experiences had been no more extended than our own. He could tell us nothing of what was beyond the line of blue hills which pre-

sented themselves to us as the edge of the world. How we longed to get to the top of them and to peep over ! We never doubted for an instant that what we should see from them would be a vision utterly new and unlike anything of which the world within them gave examples ; and it was the one gap in Joe's knowledge which seemed to put him into touch with our own finitely informed humanity, that he was ignorant of this world beyond. More than that he seemed strangely incurious about it, as it struck us, evincing an indifferent attitude which inspired us with mixed feelings ; for whereas we revered it as betokening an extended experience which nothing could astonish, we also criticised it severely as showing a deficiency of imaginative power. Joe thought that beyond those hills we should see just another world—a succession of hill and dale and hedgerow—very like that in which we lived. It was the sole point on which his judgment appeared to us open to criticism.

On going out of our front door you found yourself on a broad circle of gravel slightly sloping down to the lawn on which the woodpecker was so often pecking. In rainy weather the water used to run down and collect in a little pool at the junction of the gravel and the grass, and here, so soon as it collected, used to come a water-wagtail to hunt for insects. We often used to lay plans for the destruction of this wagtail, but he was always too clever for us. In point of fact he did not give us a fair chance. The width of the gravelled stretch was twenty yards or so, without a blade of cover. From the windows of the house the little puddle was within practical catapult range, but then the windows were rarely open in rainy weather and in dry weather the wagtail was not there. He was off instantly, with his dipping flight and squeaky note, on the slightest sound of the most cautiously opened window. It is true that there were two doors to the front entrance—the house door proper, and the door of a porch under glass, in which were

plants—and that the outer, or porch door, was sometimes left open, even while it rained, for the benefit of these exotics ; but the inner door never opened without a considerable noise, and the wagtail was always alive to it. After a certain age we ceased to try to molest him. Attempts at stalking him had failed so often that we grew weary of them and used to sally forth, even when fully armed with catapult or cross-bow, regardless of the wagtail who would fly up to the roof of the house and wait there till we had disappeared. He was safe from us there, even if we could still see him, for it was a three-storied house, and reverence for the windows had been severely instilled into us.

Probably, of all the common birds, wagtails are those which least often fall to the weapons or snares of a boy ; they are so very quick and wary and, though bold enough, generally frequent places where there is little cover and where they are likely to see before they are seen. Their black and white plumage blends well with wet stones and glancing water. Joe said that the right name for the water-wagtail was "the dish-washer," a name under which he is always known in Devonshire. It is not hard to guess its derivation ; he is always running about on the edges of streams and places where the cottagers are likely to be washing their dishes.

From the circular gravelled stretch gravelled drives led off in two directions : one towards the left which bent upwards to the entrance gate, past the stables and the little house in which Joe lived with his father the coachman, and the other, towards the right, past the croquet-lawn, past an orchard, bending in a wide circle to embrace the rough lawn beloved of the woodpecker. It completed its circle, and the embrace of the lawn, at a point very little below the stables. Below the lawn, as we have said, was an arable field, and on either side of this field the gravelled drive joined a rough macadamized road leading on the right through a series of gates to the main road, and on the left

to a footway along the banks of a little stream which prattled through glen and marshes down to a broad tidal river. The sea was only at two miles' distance, though not within sight of the house.

This path to the left of the arable field, as one looked from the house, led also to certain pastures which sloped down towards the stream; and up this path, in the evening time, the cows were driven for the milking, to take their place in the lin-hay, as we, in the Devonshire parlance, called the cowshed. Joe's abode, where he lived with his father and mother, was above this lin-hay, and the access to it was by a flight of stone steps leading from the stable-yard. On the opposite side of the yard were the stalls and loose boxes for the horses, and the harness-room. The north side of the yard had a pump-house and wood-house. The third side of the little quadrangle was open, and a cartway led round to the back of the stables, where were the finest of our preserves. For, first of all, there was the pigs' place, enclosed by the wall of the stables, by a boundary hedge, and, on two sides, by paling. In the corner was the sty, tenanted by pigs in numbers varying as they were killed off or replenished; but the sty door was always open and its occupants spent most of their royal leisure either in grouting among all the beautiful refuse of stables, garden, or lin-hay which was indifferently tossed into their charming place, or in lying prone, in the glorious sunlight, on the kindly germinating heat of the manure heap.

It is impossible to think of a better occasion for the high beating of little hearts than that which was offered by the stealthy, cat-like approach, round the corner of two outbuildings of the stables, to get a shot, with stone or catapult, at the little cloud of sparrows which invariably flew up from contesting their dinner with the pigs. It was seldom that one had a shot on the ground. The sparrows learned the manoeuvre very quickly, and between us and them were the palings and gate of the pigs' place. Occasionally one

had a shot through the gate-bars; and then, if the missile were a stone, it as often as not rattled with a clang on the gate or the paling, and the uprising of the cloud of sparrows was accompanied by a hysterical outburst of porcine consternation and a scamper which recalled the Scriptural miracle. Moreover, if the stone evaded the timbers and flew home to the heart of the pigs' place it remained there, a testimony to our misdeeds, an occasion of wrath to the under-gardener who had charge of the pigs and objected to stone-throwing which might injure one of his cherished ones. The catapult was the better weapon, and it told no tale. But, after all, it more often happened that the appearance of a little head round the corner was the signal for the uprising of the cloud before a shot was fired. At the back of the pigs' place the hedge was crowned with elms of moderate height. In these the cloud would settle clamorously and pause to reconnoitre. There was a chance for a shot or two then, but it was always an open question if it were not better policy to steal forward yet a pace or two in case of some greedy laggard having stayed behind among the pigs, who would give us a better shot than any of those in the hedgerow. Often we would steal forward with this hope in view, tantalized the while by the chirps of definite farewell coming successively from the elms as one after another the sparrows took their departure, only to find that after all no loiterer had stayed. Then we cursed fate by all our childish gods and repented us sorely that we had not taken the chance which lay before our hands. Or again, if we tried the other venture and assaulted the elms with all our batteries, it seemed as if it must then always happen that a bird would rise from the very spot on which we might with most advantage have assailed him. One could cry with vexation now at the annoyance of it all.

Generally, after the dispersion of the sparrows, there would yet be left in the elms a chaffinch, uttering his sweetly monotonous note of protest,

and we could send a shot or pebble from the catapults spattering among the branches by him, till he, too, took the hint to leave.

"Oh, I say, that *was* a shave!" That was the invariable formula with which we concluded the unavailing assault. Once in a while, but so seldom that *invariable* is not too strong an epithet, we would fondly hug to ourselves the belief that we had seen the bird fall. Then we would climb through the hedge, or, if it were summer time and the brambly defences defied a breach, go round by way of the front gate and push ourselves into the bushes of the great overgrown hedgerow in search of our quarry, knowing well in our heart of hearts that we should find nothing, yet saying to one another again and again, to keep hope warm, "I know I hit him; I'm certain I saw him fall."

When the flock of sparrows had gone from the elms it was not to say that they were lost to us. We knew where they went to then, to a big elm-tree at the back of the coach-house which was close to the main house, some fifty yards from the stables. Thither we could follow them, but with no good prospects of a shot. They had no clinging affection for this elm-tree; they only occupied it as a post of observation from which they could drop down into a tiny little yard just outside the kitchen, or fly over, behind the house, to a matted thicket of thorn and bramble which was beyond the wash-house and was the corner of the boundary-fence of the orchard. Thither it did not well suit us to follow them, unless for an extended campaign in the orchard, for such pursuit entailed going through the back premises of the house (which was forbidden by Authority both above and below stairs), or trespassing on land which was not ours behind the house (and we had a respect, which we have since wondered at, for the law of trespass), or finally going round the front of the house, a matter of some hundred yards, and this did not seem good to our invincible boyish laziness.

Our laziness we have since wondered at quite as much as at our respect for the law. The latter is fairly explicable, the terrors which surround any breach of it are so indefinite to a boy; he is so ignorant, so utterly unable to measure the violence of the penalty which "old So-and-So," the farmer, will exact on his hide if he be caught red-handed. It is excellent that it should be so. If a boy were to know that old So-and-So would be looked upon as a villain and a butcher too bad to live if he were to give a trespassing boy any but the mildest of castigations, there would not be a field or coppice or orchard that would not be black with boys in the bird-nesting season. The laziness is a wonder beyond explanation. Later in life, with a covey of partridges before one, one would walk a quarter of a mile for each one of the yards which seemed too long in those days for the pursuit of the sparrow-covey; yet assuredly we were filled with as much ardor then for a sparrow as a partridge can inspire in us to-day.

Plato has written, with justice, that of all wild beasts none is so savage as a boy. He might have added that none is so little known. This invincible laziness which is so large a factor in a boy's character is hardly recognized and never analyzed. It is hard to recognize because it may co-exist with the greatest keenness in pursuit of an immediate object. It is only when the object is at a distance that the laziness shows itself; but then it shows itself in a degree which is almost terrifying. A boy cannot be made, of his free will, to choose the greater good in the future in preference to the present lesser good. He may be induced to do so by motives supplied by another's will, but of his own will never. It is only after he has come into his inheritance, in the shape of an ability to apply his reason to the moral problems of life, that he begins to do this; and when he begins to do this he is no longer a boy but a man. It is all of a piece, this, with his laziness, analogous on the mental side to the looseness of limb in all young

things. When we went our walks abroad we found it impossible to reach the goals of our errands without much loitering by the way. One can perceive now that we made tacit confession of this weakness, for when a man with his solid, purposeful trudge passed us, as we tarried searching the roadside hedges for birds or their nests, we would say, one to the other, "Let us keep up with him and try to get there as soon as he." It was no use, however. For a quarter of a mile, perhaps, we would keep on the pedestrian's heels, sorely, no doubt, to his annoyance; but then a chaffinch would fly up off the road or a tit be pecking in the hedgerow, our childish powers of concentration would fail us, and when we had finished with this passing diversion the wayfarer would be far on his road ahead. Measuring distance by the full-grown standard of to-day, one laughs often and often to think of the length of time which we deemed requisite for traversing the distance of a mile, and this not at all by reason of any weariness of our sturly little legs, but simply on account of the lightness of our foolish little brains. To all which divers causes the sparrows generally owed an immunity from further persecution when they betook themselves across the back premises of the house to the neighborhood of the orchard.

Our hunting-grounds at the back of the stables were not exhausted when we had chased the birds away from the pigs' place. The hay, which the pasture-land furnished in the summer, was stored in one large stack within the boundaries of the hedge, part of which served as one side of the pigs' enclosure. Behind the hay-stack, and between it and the hedge, a blackbird was generally pecking among the rubbish at the stack's foot. He gave us little sport. The moment the head of a stalker appeared round the corner of the rick, and long before a catapult could be brought to bear upon him, he would be away, up and over the hedge, like an arrow, with a hysterical laugh of terror which we felt to be

affected. This is a very favorite manoeuvre of a blackbird, the darting up from the foot of the hedge as you approach him, then the dart downwards on the other side as soon as he has topped the branches; and you hear his wild laugh growing more and more distant as he goes away, low-flying and invisible, to dart into the thickest cover of the hedgerow further on. If he has a nest in your vicinity he will perform a similar acrobatic movement, but will not fly so far. His laugh will break off shorter, and you will hear instead, from a bush at no great distance, his anxious chuckle of alarm. If you do not move away, his alarm will grow more intolerable, his chuckle louder, until it does not permit him to remain concealed, but he must needs hop up from his hiding-place to see what you are doing, restlessly flitting from branch to branch, telling you (foolish bird!) as plainly as a bird can tell it, that you are hard by his nest on which his mate, perhaps, is sitting, almost within arm's length of you, motionless, silent, but watching you with an intently anxious eye.

Joe always knew what the birds were saying, and it was he who taught their language to us. None of the other people about us understood a word of it; it was no wonder that we gave them no credit for knowing anything about the weather. How could a boy be expected to have faith in people some of whom actually believed, on the strength of a foolish nursery story, that Jenny Wren was the consort of Cock Robin? We really did find people, grown-up people, who positively believed it; and to the days of our respective deaths we shall remember the shock that the discovery caused us. It seemed to us incredible that any human being could be so foolish when we could show them, at the season of the year, half-a-dozen robins' nests, cup-shaped, with the ruddy-speckled eggs lying in them, possibly even with the red-breasted mother in person seated upon them; when we could show them, too, as many wrens' nests in quite different situations—nestled

against the ivy growing on a tree or an old wall, whereas the robins' would be by preference in a hole or ledge of some hedge-bank — dome-shaped nests utterly unlike any that ever a robin built, and entered by one tiny little hole in the side through which no robin could possibly squeeze himself, filled, likely enough, with many more eggs than a robin was at all likely to lay, much smaller eggs, besides, marked with darker speckles on a much whiter ground. How could a boy, having all these things most clearly before his mental eye, be expected to credit any wisdom to people who could believe that Cock Robin and Jenny Wren were man and wife?

Close beside the hay-rick was the shed in which the one cart, sufficing for the agricultural business of our home, was laid up. The butt-lin hay Joe called this building, *butt* being the Devonshire word for cart; and in its roof there often was a dome-shaped wren's nest. The first year the dome was never used for family purposes. Joe, absolutely denying that he had ever so transgressed, asserted that one of us must have put a finger into the hole, and he had repeatedly warned us

that if ever one so invaded the sanctity of a wren's nest before the eggs were laid the mother always deserted. We stoutly declared that we had done nothing of the sort, but it is possible that once, in the hope of finding a tiny egg within, we may have been guilty; really it is very hard on a boy that a bird should build a round nest and put it in the roof of a shed so that he is not able to see into it! However it happened nothing came of the wren's nest that year. We watched long and zealously, but no little creeping, fluttering, brown bird came to see what we were doing there, nor scolded crossly from the bushes. Since those days we have read that so many wren's nests are found deserted and unfinished that it is the opinion of many naturalists that the wren habitually builds one or two trial nests to get its hand in for the one it means ultimately to finish and inhabit. It is easy to put these theorists into the difficult position of those who have to prove a negative, and we are quite as much inclined to Joe's view, though later experience has taught us that he too was not absolutely exempt from human error.

TELEPATHY AMONG INSECTS: PROFESSOR RILEY'S DISCOVERY. — Can it be that bugs are endowed with a wonderful sixth sense? Professor C. V. Riley thinks he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among insects — that is to say, a sixth sense by which they are able to communicate ideas from one to another at great distances. The power, as illustrated in the case about to be mentioned, evidently depends not upon sight or smell or hearing. The fact that man is able to transmit sound by telegraph almost instantaneously around the globe may suggest something of this subtle power, even though it furnishes no explanation thereof. Once upon a time Professor Riley had two allanthurus-trees in his front yard. They suggested to him the idea of obtaining from Japan some eggs of the allanthurus silkworm. He got a few and hatched them, rearing the larvæ and watching anxiously for the appearance of the first

moths from the cocoons. He put one of the moths in a little wicker cage and hung it up out of doors on one of the allanthurus-trees. This was a female moth. On the same evening he took a male moth to a cemetery a mile and a half away and let him loose, having previously tied a silk thread around the base of his abdomen to secure subsequent identification. Professor Riley's purpose in this performance was to find out if the young male and the female moth would come together for the purpose of mating, they being in all probability the only insects of their species within a distance of hundreds of miles, excepting only the others possessed by Professor Riley himself. This power of locating each other had previously been remarked in these insects. In this case, sure enough, the male was found with the captive female the next morning. The latter had been able to attract the former from a distance of a mile and a half.

